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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Living Chess Tournaments" are getting so popular that it is not impossible public rooms—with pavements of black-and-white marble such as Don John of Austria and the Duke of Weimar had in their palaces—will be let out for this purpose. There is also every probability of our hearing them pronounced immoral, the dislike of that class of people who have every text at their fingers' ends except "Be not righteous overmuch" to every innocent amusement being insatiable. Mere dulness is no defence against denunciation, for even bazars have been denounced; and it must be confessed that living chess is a little tedious, especially to the "pieces." I have known a Knight to rap out an ejaculation of impatience which he should never have used before any lady (much less a Queen), and a Bishop to swear like a trooper. Why should not other living games be played wherein "Mate" takes place after a less prolonged engagement? Draughts would be a pleasant game enough (if this hot weather lasts!) and have the merit of being soon over; but the ladies would, perhaps, object to being "huffed." Backgammon (they certainly do not object to being gammoned!) would be much more lively, since the men (and women) would be moved in company; but against both these games it may be urged that the pieces give no opportunity for costume. But what a splendid spectacle living whist on the smooth green-sward, instead of a table, might be made to represent! "What matters one's suit if one is a trump?" was an argument used at a certain whist club where it was sought to make evening dress indispensable; but in living whist the suit, of course, would be everything. What a vista of gorgeous apparel is opened to the female eye in the idea of the Queen of Diamonds! A lady, of course, could never be a plain card, but what a choice of court cards would lay before her! Think of the Queen of Hearts, and the joy of the King of Hearts at taking her! One cannot imagine a more beautiful sight than would be afforded by a living whist tournament, and in the hands of a capable person (such as the Knave of Clubs) it would, I am sure, be a great success.

The general impression produced on those who have read the recent admirable biography of Laurence Oliphant is not favourable to Mr. Thomas Lake Harris. He appears, indeed, to persons disinclined to believe in spiritual influences which result in the acquisition of other people's property, to be a sort of glorified Shepherd, as described in "Pickwick." However "shaky" may be his material views, it is certain that he was (and is, for all I know) a man of taste and refinement. In "The Poetry of the Period," by Alfred Austin, a writer who understands his subject, a good deal of space is given to Mr. Harris's verse under the head of "Supernatural Poetry." "One's first tendency," as Mr. Austin well observes, "on hearing that a poem claims to proceed from such a source, is to expect that it will be great rubbish," and when we find it not to be rubbish "we imagine it to be better than it really is." But, looking at these verses with a dispassionate eye, it is impossible to deny that they are very graceful and express some beautiful thoughts—vague indeed, but not more so than others greatly admired which have been written with an earthly pen.

It is evident, indeed, that Mr. Austin prefers Mr. Harris's verse, *qua* verse, to that of Mr. Browning. As though to defend the Spiritualists from the charge so often and naturally made against them of preferring darkness to light, these harmonious lines flow from the poet's pen in his inspired moments—

The spiritual ministry of night
Is all unknown. Day rules the sensuous mind;
But night the fettered spirit doth unbind,
And through the silver palace-gates of light
In dream and trance she bears the soul away
To the wide landscape of the inner day.

The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep;
And life's continuous current ever flows,
Whether to outward bliss the pulses leap,
Or languid glide in silence and repose.

The charmed islands of the Asteroids
Are nearer far than Ceylon or Cathay;
For angel hosts who throng the seeming voids
Of visible space the human heart survey,
And wear meanwhile such blessed spells that they
Touch with their subtle sense the inner mind,
And all the fettered inner wings unbind,
Till we rise at their call,
Leaving earth all behind,
And are borne to the hall
Where the soul is refined
From the grossness of earth, and made free as the mind.

If these lines are not absolutely "angelic," we have the assurance of Mr. Harris that they are written with an angel's pen, or, to speak more prosaically, through the medium of a medium. A similar origin is claimed for a poem in which the following verse occurs—

It is the sweetest night that ever fell;
And so the young bird that forsakes its shell,
Thrilled by the ardours of the mother dove,
Who bosoms it with unextinguished love,
A spirit poem, Earth's delightful guest,
Leaps to its life of music through my breast.

Here Mr. Austin is careful to point out the parallelism—for, since it was published first, it cannot be a plagiarism—with the Laureate's nightingale sleeping in the eggs of the parent bird. Whether Mr. Harris obtained his influence over Laurence Oliphant by imposture or not, it is quite clear that he was no vulgar charlatan.

The growth of perjury in our law-courts has become a scandal. The value of a witness's word, in comparison with his interest, seems to be paralleled by a well-known example of schoolboy honour: "Will you take your dying oath to it?" "Yes." "Will you bet sixpence about it?" "No." In that case there appears to have been no penalty awaiting the young

gentleman who forswore himself, and this is precisely the reason why our witnesses do the same. A prosecution for perjury is a tedious and troublesome thing to undertake, and also, which weighs with a lawyer, very unremunerative. Still, if evidence is to go for anything, this must be done. To dices' oaths and lovers' vows a certain latitude is permitted. Some of our judges allow a little perjury when a lady is in the case. It is better, they say, to swear oneself black in the face than to bring a blush to the cheek of beauty. It is understood, though seldom expressed, that the keeping of an oath of allegiance depends more or less upon the good behaviour of the Sovereign. The people of Arragon when choosing their kings did express this: "We, the free-born inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Arragon, who are equal to you, Don Philip, and something more, elect you to be our King on condition that you preserve to us our rights and privileges. If in this you fail we own you for our King no longer." But oaths about matters of fact stand on a different basis. Moreover (and this is a very sad reflection), if it is a common habit to perjure themselves in the witness-box, how absolutely valueless must be these gentlemen's words in ordinary life?

How little we know of the interests of those who are outside our own limited spheres! The Conference of the Horticultural Society have been discussing the merits of the early gooseberry, as though it were *their* business, serenely unconscious of the proprietary rights of journalism. "Big gooseberries look handsome," they said, "but are wanting in flavour," and horticultural societies may feel self-important and yet be wanting in intelligence. Who cares for the flavour of a gooseberry, if it be only early and very large? If the fruit could be cultivated so as exactly to meet a Parliamentary Recess, it would be of much greater value to the producer, or, at all events, to the gentleman who produces the first account of it.

A poor fellow educated at a German college for the deaf and dumb has got into trouble with the police, and excited a great deal of sympathy in court on account of his infirmity, until he spoke in his own defence. "Yes," he said, on perceiving this change of view, "you are as amazed at having been taken in as I am ashamed of my imposture. But being very poor, I perceived as a boy the advantage this supposed imperfection would be to me. Then, for the sake of the college, where I was treated with great kindness, I kept up the deception, and that is the whole story." But, of course, it is not. What an account this gentleman could give us of human nature, if he would only favour us with his biography! For his position as an observer has been quite unique. His life at the college must have been charmingly humorous. There is little doubt that he distinguished himself there by his quickness of perception, that he could do (as we read in "Anecdotes of Instinct") "almost everything but speak"; but he must also have been the involuntary confidant of scores of people. You can "say anything you like" before a deaf and dumb man, and no doubt many people did say things, whether in monologue or to one another. It was not a chivalrous thing to do, to sham dumbness—it seems closely akin to the habit of listening at key-holes; but it must have been what educationists call "informing," in many ways. What constant watch and ward must the man have kept on ear and tongue! How difficult to stifle the natural reply! In the annals of malingering we find deafness the hardest thing to feign. One doctor testifies: "I have scarcely known a pretended deaf man who could not be found out by the simple expedient of dropping a coin behind him." It is so natural to turn round when there is money to be picked up.

If the rubbish one reads about English novelists being unable to write good short stories needs contradiction, it will be found in Mr. Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames." It also escapes the contemptuous criticism that the said stories are always written *virginibus pueris*. It is addressed to adults, and more, perhaps, to Mr. Grundy than Mrs. Grundy; but if the heroines described are not very strait-laced they are mostly of high rank, so that their peccadilloes are quite natural, and no one can deny the dramatic interest of their adventures. A milk-and-water novelist, who does some sulphuric acid reviewing, remarked of them in my hearing that he would not dare to write such stories. "No, my dear Sir," remarked a bystander, "because you are not Hardy." A very happy combination, I thought, of attack and defence. It seems to me that there is the same change for the better in this excellent writer that took place in Charles Dickens. At first he confined himself almost entirely to humour and the description of character; of late, while retaining his excellence in these particulars, he has put much more incident into his stories.

A gentleman has got into trouble for using extremely strong language at a mesmerist's lecture, and defends himself upon the ground that he was under mesmeric influence. This is an ingenious plea, and I hope, for all our sakes, it will be allowed. A good deal of latitude is at present permitted to those who are under the influence of liquor; but mesmerism, hypnotism, and other "isms" of a kindred kind offer a much wider field of action. One sees quite a vista of excuses for almost everything. When intoxicated, our peccadilloes are seldom ingenious: no one sets to work to forge a bank-note, nor even a friend's signature, after too much champagne. But he who is hypnotised is ready for anything, "from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter," including the most intelligent offences; and one can hardly be blamed for what one can't help. The question arises, however, whether the hypnotiser (or whatever he calls himself) should not be punished: it is his "will" that does it, though the way of doing it may be our own. Not only is the dogma *actus per annum factus per se* applicable to him, the charge goes beyond that: it is not the other man who is the real offender, but

himself. In morals he is the other man. There is a well-known story of a bibulous person who defended himself against a teetotaler upon the ground that when he took a glass of wine he became another man, "and then, of course, it is only fair that I should give that other man a glass also." There is some confusion of persons in this, but in the case of the mesmerist he really is, in morals, both himself and the other man.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen left Windsor Castle on July 18, and proceeded to Osborne. Her Majesty was joined at East Cowes by Princess Beatrice.

On July 20 the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the Battersea branch of the South London Polytechnic Institutes. On the same day the Prince presided at the annual meeting of the Royal College of Music, held at Marlborough House. A report presented and adopted showed that the college was in a very satisfactory position. His Royal Highness also presided at the annual meeting of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Birmingham on July 21, and opened the new Victoria Law Courts, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Queen in the Jubilee Year. A great crowd of people at the station and in the streets gave the royal visitors a hearty welcome. After the ceremony the Mayor entertained the Prince and Princess and a distinguished party to lunch, when the Prince expressed the pleasure which their visit to Birmingham had afforded them.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, accompanied by Princess Victoria, received on July 21, in the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace, at twelve o'clock, in response to an invitation from their Royal Highnesses, the ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to the "friends'" present given to their Royal Highnesses on the occasion of their silver wedding. Their Royal Highnesses were attended by Baroness von and zu Egloffstein and Colonel the Hon. Charles Eliot.

It is requested that those ladies to whom collecting cards for the Princess of Wales's Mrs. Grimwood Fund were sent will return them as soon as possible to the hon. secretary at Marlborough House.

Lord Dufferin presided on July 20 over a meeting of the committee appointed to take steps for providing a suitable memorial to the late Sir John Macdonald, and paid a touching tribute to the character, work, and influence of the great Canadian statesman. Thereupon it was decided to accept the offer made by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral of a site, and to invite funds from the public for the provision of the memorial.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived at Corton, near Lowestoft, on July 17, resuming the visit to Mr. Colman, M.P., which was interrupted by the death of their eldest son. Mr. Gladstone appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, and in no way fatigued by his journey.

There is a practical agreement among politicians of both sides that the dissolution will take place next year; indeed, if this present Parliament last till September 1892, it will be the longest of the reign. Mr. Balfour has clearly indicated an election next year by remarking that the contest would, perhaps, be fought on the Parliamentary register which is now being prepared. A still more important announcement was made in a somewhat veiled form by Mr. Balfour, who inquired, in the course of debate on the Irish Estimates, whether, if the Government introduced a Local Government Bill for Ireland, they could be assured of the support of the Irish Nationalist members. Mr. Healy promptly interpellated the answer that they would, and Mr. Balfour hinted that, if so, it would be well to have the assurance in some definite form. The inference is that next Session we shall have a proposal for extending the provisions of the English Local Government Bill to Ireland. The Gladstonians will probably meet this by an abstract resolution in favour of a measure of Home Rule establishing a subordinate Parliament in Dublin.

After a very close and exciting contest, the Queen's Prize, with the gold medal and badge and £250, has fallen to a Scot—Private Dear, of the Queen's Edinburgh. For some little time it looked as if the great prize of the Volunteer meeting would go to Sergeant Millner, of the 2nd Derby, the winner of the Silver Medal, who had throughout been shooting with the greatest steadiness and nerve. Millner, however, fell off in the last few shots at 900 yards, and either missed the target altogether or failed to find the bull's-eye. Eventually the three leading men proved to be Sergeant Gibbons, of the 5th Middlesex; Sergeant Bugler Hill, of the 19th Middlesex; and Private Dear, of the Queen's Edinburgh. At the fifth shot Gibbons led with a score of 253, Dear following with 251, and Hill standing at 248. Hill finished first, ending up with two bull's-eyes, and Gibbons left off with two behind him. The issue then lay in Dear's hands. He wanted six to win and five to tie, and had two shots to make them in. His first shot was a magpie, counting three, and the second, very deliberately aimed, proved to be the same, and left him the winner by one point, with a score of 269, the lowest but one on record. Private Dear is thirty-one, and is a solicitor's clerk in Edinburgh, with a record for steady shooting, conveyed in the knowing advice to recruits in his battalion to "hand on like Dear."

The concluding sessions of the International Congregational Council were held in the morning and afternoon of July 21, at the New Weigh House Chapel, the subject for consideration being "Congregationalism and the World." Papers were read by the Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, Ontario; Mr. Josiah Mullens, of Sydney; the Rev. W. Mann, of Durban; Dr. Stimson, of St. Louis; and the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, of London. In the afternoon a paper on the value of missionary work was read by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, of Boston.

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference opened its 148th Session at Nottingham on July 21. The Rev. Dr. Bowman Stephenson was elected President for the forthcoming year.

It seems as if we had not heard the last of the famous Maybrick case. The trustees of the late Mr. Maybrick brought an action against the Mutual Reserve Fund Association for the recovery, in Mrs. Maybrick's behalf, of a policy of insurance for £2000, which her husband effected in her favour. It was held, however, that neither she nor the trustees could claim the money, seeing that Mr. Maybrick had come to his death by her "felonious act"—a decision on which most people will agree. It is said, however, that Mrs. Maybrick's friends intend to raise the whole issue in a fresh trial, which, provided the insurance company maintain their line of defence, will practically be a re-hearing of the murder case, with the addition, it is rumoured, of much new evidence.

IN REDEMPTION OF CRAIGENPUTTOCK.
BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

There are times when I envy the first-class misdemeanour the solitude of his lofty cell (mountain cave, as it were) in the fine air of Islington; the blessed silence, the repose which he cannot break if he will; books at choice; fare also at choice, but disciplined to complete wholesomeness; range for thoughts of one's own, dreams of one's own, wide as the vast Pacific; liberty to roam at leisure over the long past, lingering here and there on the sweet and the bitter-sweet, or bringing all one's own little space of time into view, with its population of very different creatures that yet are all one self. Now comes another of these times of longing, probably due to the recurrence of the season when overmuch noise and labour tell. Again temptation whispers, "Choose some mild and dubious offence—something that Advanced Opinion may applaud (little difficulty there!)—commit it, and take a first-class misdemeanour's inviolable repose for three months at the least. The sleep!—think of the boundless liberty to drop from dreams to sleep, and then to wake from sleep to dreams again."

Since we cannot all afford chalets on Swiss mountains or yachts in the North Sea, this, no doubt, is a common inspiration just now. It is no favourable time, then, for sympathy with Mrs. Ireland, who comes forth, in a Life of the unhappy Jane Welsh Carlyle, to sing again in mournful numbers the desolation of Craigenputtock and the unspeakable misery of life in that Galloway solitude. Possibly one could have too much of it; possibly one could make the worst of it. "The dreariest spot in all the British dominions," says Mr. Froude, thinking more, perhaps, of what made it dreary, and to whom, than of it. I have heard the Sussex marshes called dreary, and know of some who view the wide, high, silent, heart-expanding Yorkshire moors as if they were the very Valley of the Shadow. "The nearest cottage not more than a mile" from the house at Craigenputtock. Well! I suppose the roof of that cottage could be seen from Craigenputtock, and the cheery blue peat smoke rising over it. "The elevation, 700 ft. above the sea, stunts the trees and limits the garden produce to the hardiest vegetables." Seven hundred feet elevation, and the sea itself not so very far off! Good!

The stunting of the trees? I know of places of sheer loveliness where there are no trees near enough to reveal whether they are stunted or not; or just near enough to lend a vigorous romantic poesy to the scene, where they raise their storm-worn forms on a distant ridge, like warrior watchmen. The homeliness of the vegetables? He whose mind is as a kingdom at peace can get on very well with a potato and an occasional head of cabbage. Happiness without cucumbers is more than conceivable, and a very heaven of tranquillity may reign where the tomato perishes. Carlyle himself could tell us of roses at Craigenputtock. "The roses," he writes to Goethe, "are still in part to be planted." The loneliness was yet more plentiful, then and always, no doubt: but what are heaths and mountains for but loneliness, which is another name for solitude, which if a man likes not he likes not; but let him not hope for rose-gardens in his bosom in that case, for there they will not grow. Cut flowers from the market may be imported and strewn to any height; but they are commodities, and not of native growth. Of the dear silence that Carlyle clammed for by night and day, and which makes half the attraction of Holloway Jail, there was so much at Craigenputtock that the good wife found she could hear the sheep nibbling at the grass (that sweet and soothing sound!) "a mile off." No doubt this was in summer, when the herb was full, and yielded a louder noise of rending. In October Carlyle writes to his mother of the Craigenputtock silences: "My broom, as I sweep up the withered leaves, might be heard at a furlong's distance." This is not so well, perhaps. "My broom, as I sweep up the withered leaves," audible at a furlong's distance, suggests an insupportable sadness; and yet what but the rustling of the withered leaves, and not the silence, makes it so?

Yes, for all this moaning over Craigenputtock, Craigenputtock would do as well as the best and quietest first-class apartment in Holloway's stately pile—ay, and far better. For there no walls are but the far horizon; there is freedom for coursing and galloping, many nooks to lie in that show only the sky overhead, while the blessed compulsion of silence and solitude is the same. But when I have contrived my respectable crime and go to the town solitude place, this book of Mrs. Ireland's will I not take with me; no, nor any book about Jane and Thomas, Chelsea and Craigenputtock. The record of self-inflicted torture is too petty and yet too tragical—more irritating even yet. None of the eternal sadnesses of which Thomas wrote were so manifest to sight and feeling as the sadnesses that were created in those two homes of genius by those two gifted creatures. Such makings of misery are common enough, perhaps, where there is no greatness, no generosity, no wisdom. But there was little lack of such qualities in either of this ill-assorted couple; and yet because of an ill-cherished pride in the woman, and a dulness of sympathy in the man which none but a woman can feel, and no wife can speak of without shame, theirs was a life of wretchedness: hers certainly. Had Craigenputtock been as a vale in Cashmere, it would have been the same to these two: the absence or the presence of the bulbul and the rose could make no substantial difference to either of them. What she craved for she would still have craved had she lived with Thomas anywhere on this fair earth, and nowhere on the earth with anybody, except that good old mother of his, could he have found a disciplined content. He should have married nobody; nor, perhaps, she either. But, since they did come together, two things are to be regretted. Pity that he did not see how wise an economy it would have been to set her free of the mean and sordid household-troubles to which he condemned her, so that she might have satisfied a literary ambition which she was as

well able to fulfil as he his own almost, and one that would have kept the pot boiling sooner and more steadily. The writer of the unstudied "Budget of a Femme Incomprise" and of "The Bird and the Watch" (a perfect piece of composition, as good as Goldsmith) might have given many a brilliant page to English literature if she had not been broken to drudgery and disgusted with authorship: and her most marketable commodities would have filled the cupboard, too, and brought the peace that comes of a cupboard full. On the other hand, pity that she did so pridefully conceal the hurts that his dulness and negligence inflicted on her, when, had she but revealed them in a generous appealing spirit, some remedy for her suffering might have been rendered while she lived, and much remorse spared to him when she was dead. Not till then did he understand—from her journals—what her suffering had been. Tragedy, that we had better have known nothing about; while as it is we know so much of it that we are all like Peeping Toms, with our will or against it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

The Kingdom of Italy, created thirty years ago by a course of political events the most wonderful in the history of the nineteenth century, realising the imaginative aspirations of poets and patriots, surpassing the most sanguine expectations of any practical statesman—even of Count Cavour, who died in June 1861, Prime Minister of a kingdom that included neither Rome nor Venice—should be quite as interesting to all liberal Englishmen as the mighty German Empire. After Byron and Shelley, followed by Landor, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Browning, and other noble lyrical exponents of generous sympathy with the cause of Italian freedom, aroused public sentiment in this country on its behalf, the problem was studied here more earnestly than among the other nations of Europe, especially in the period between 1848 and 1859. While the Republican aspirations of Mazzini, enhanced by his lofty moral character and his intellectual force, won the approval of many ardent friends of Italy, and the heroic exploits of Garibaldi, the genuine champion of liberty and patriotism, gained such popular admiration as no other foreign soldier has

HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND COLLECTION.

The annual collection of money gifts in aid of the hospitals of London, by the agency of ladies with boxes on tables placed in the open streets, took place on Saturday, July 18, and was favoured with fine weather. This custom was first established in 1873, as an appendix to the Hospital Sunday collections at churches and chapels, and in connection also with the practice of raising subscriptions among those employed in workshops, factories, and warehouses in London. Last year the considerable sum of £20,000 was produced by the week-day offerings, £5000 being collected in the streets. The whole of the arrangements are directed by Mr. Robert Frewer, general secretary of the Hospital Fund Committee, assisted by Messrs. Webster and Taylor, organising secretaries, and by local committees in thirty-one districts of the Metropolis, including the suburbs, besides the East Central and West Central Districts, which are managed by the central office direct. There are 2800 stations, mostly at the corners of main thoroughfares, also at railway stations, in market-places, and other sites of much public resort. The district local committee visit each station during the day. Many cab-drivers, omnibus conductors, and tramcar-men readily enter into this charitable movement, display handbills and badges, and undertake the care of boxes in their vehicles. At night the boxes are deposited each in some shop or house near the station. When they had finally been brought together at the rendezvous in Cheapside, each lady delivering up her own charge, they were removed in a van to the drill-hall of the 2nd London Rifles, in Farringdon Street, for safe custody. The counting of the money was performed on the following Monday afternoon by a company of fifty or sixty bank clerks, under the direction of Mr. Nicolls, manager of the Holborn branch of the City Bank.

BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, July 20, laid the foundation-stone of a building in Battersea Park Road for one of the Polytechnic Institutes to be created in South London—another to be in the Borough Road, Southwark—endowed with funds provided by the City of London Parochial Charities Act of 1883, on the scheme of the Charity Commissioners. Large private donations and public subscriptions have augmented the fund. The late Mr. Guesdon, of Clapham, gave £20,000, Mr. Henry Tate, of Streatham, £10,000, and Mr. Frank Morrison £10,000 for the Battersea Institute. It will be managed by a

separate Board, including delegates of the London County Council and of the London School Board. A site of two acres and a half was obtained, and the building, with the site, will cost £60,000. The architect is Mr. Edward Mountford; the plans were suggested by Mr. Rowland Plumbe, and revised by Professor Garnett, Principal of the Durham College of Science. The main block, two storeys high, will have a front 260 ft. in length; on the ground floor will be the offices; on the first floor, lecture-rooms, class-rooms, and music-rooms; above these, art-schools, photography-rooms, and laboratories. The building will be constructed of red brick and terra-cotta. There will be two or three annexes, with engineers' workshops, electricians', pattern-makers', carpenters', bricklayers', plumbers', and other artificers, refreshment-rooms, gymnasium, and swimming-bath. The institute will accommodate five or six thousand students; it may become for Battersea what the People's Palace is for East London, or

the Regent Street Polytechnic, through the efforts of Mr. Quintin Hogg, for West London. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with two daughters, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, were received by Mr. Evan Spicer, chairman of the institute, and others; among the company were the Archbishop of Canterbury, several members of Parliament, one of the City Sheriffs, and eminent men of science. An explanatory address was read, to which the Prince replied; the Archbishop offered prayer, and his Royal Highness laid the stone. Mrs. Henry Tate was presented to the Princess, in the absence of her husband, who has been a munificent benefactor to many good public works.

THE VICTORIA LAW COURTS, BIRMINGHAM.

This stately building, of which her Majesty Queen Victoria laid the foundation-stone on March 23, 1887, and which has been constructed at the cost of the Municipal Corporation of Birmingham for the business of the Assize Courts, the Borough Court, and the Coroner's Court, was opened on July 21 by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The architects are Mr. Aston Webb, of Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, and Mr. Aston Bell. A View of the principal front, in Corporation Street, appeared in this Journal on March 26, 1887; we now present interior views of the main corridor, the great hall, the Civil Court, the judge's room, and the library. The front, in the Tudor-Gothic style, with many harmonious ornamental details, has a grand effect, resembling in some features that of the Law Courts in London, but the wings terminate at each end in gabled buildings; the central portion, with its circular main doorway surmounted by a pediment filled with terra-cotta sculpture, and by three cupola turrets, presents a balustrade, and five stained-glass windows, and a dominant oriel in the roof; it is flanked by two lofty towers. The great hall is 80 ft. long and 40 ft. wide; the two Assize Courts are handsome and commodious, and there are all needful retiring-rooms, waiting-rooms, and other apartments. A police station, with cells for prisoners, is in the basement of the building.

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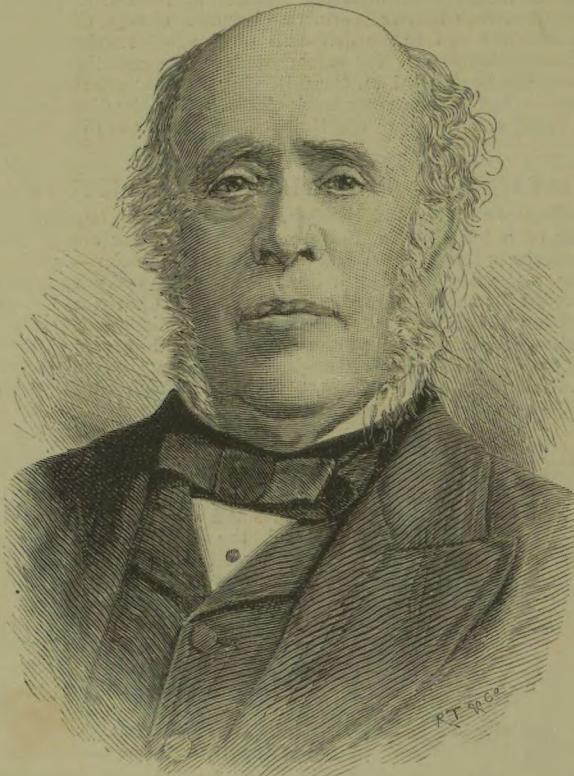
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Travel on land and sea has been rendered cheaper and easier during the last fifty years owing to Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son. They have enabled the artisan and the poor clerk, the shopkeeper and the poor curate, the multitude of toilers to whom money is an object and change of air and scene a necessity, to leave the crowded city for the seaside or the mountain slope, where a holiday can be enjoyed and health regained or ensured. At the same time the rich man, whose aim in life is pleasure, and who is never happier than when passing from place to place, can profit by Messrs. Cook's arrangements for traversing the habitable globe.

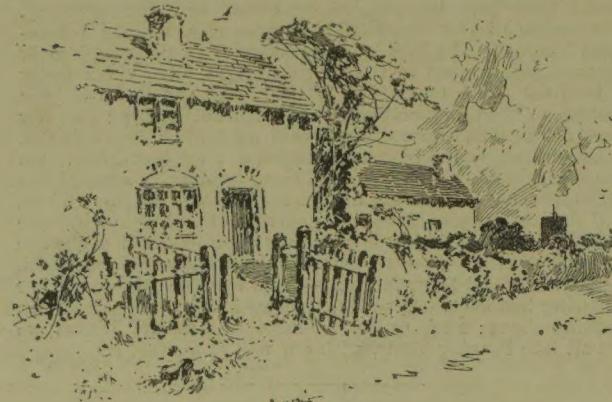
These arrangements, which appear as simple as they are complete, are the results of experience gained since July 5, 1841, when the first excursion train was run at the instance of Mr. Thomas Cook. The idea was his own. As the grain of mustard seed grows into a tree, so did this idea expand into a vast organisation. The distance from Leicester to Loughborough is twelve miles; the tickets issued for the first excursion train numbered 570. At present Messrs. Cook issue tickets for trains running over 344,739 miles of railway and



MR. THOMAS COOK, FOUNDER OF COOK'S EXCURSIONS.

for steamers which run over 1,479,220 miles of water. The number of tickets issued by them during the year 1891 was 3,262,159. Figures such as these are more impressive than words.

While the magnitude of Messrs. Cook's business is one of the marvels of the day, the process of its increase is not

QUICK CLOSE, MELBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE,
THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. THOMAS COOK.

less striking. An essential part of their system is to care for the tourist from the time of leaving home to his return. They organised "personally conducted" tours. A member of the firm, or someone representing it, accompanies the party, sees that its members are properly lodged, points out to them the objects of interest, and makes those who are in foreign lands and are ignorant of foreign tongues feel neither annoyance nor inconvenience.

The progress of Messrs. Cook's business has corresponded with the development of railway travel and steam navigation.

26 Excursion Ticket.
LEICESTER TO FRANCE.
SECOND CLASS. £1.
This Ticket to be given up at the Camden Station.

26 Excursion Ticket.
LEICESTER TO FRANCE.
SECOND CLASS. £1.
This Ticket must be given up either at Dover or Folkestone, and exchanged for a Steam Packet Ticket.

26 Excursion Return Ticket.
FRANCE TO LEICESTER.
SECOND CLASS. £1.
This Ticket to be given up at the Bricklayers' Arms Station.

26 Excursion Return Ticket.
FRANCE TO LEICESTER.
SECOND CLASS. £1.
This Ticket must be given up on arrival at Leicester.

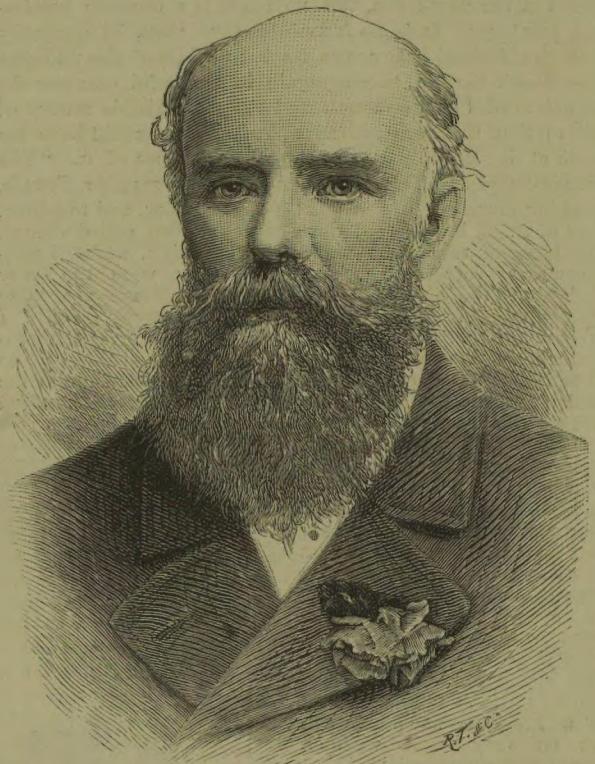
COOK'S FIRST EXCURSION-TICKET TO THE CONTINENT.

They have filled the train and the steam-boat with passengers, and their originality consists in having forecasted and provided for the requirements of the modern traveller, who likes to have trouble saved and outlay reduced to a minimum.

Both Mr. Thomas Cook, the founder of the business of travel, and his son, Mr. J. M. Cook, who is now the responsible member of the firm, are men of talent and force of character, and both had to struggle hard in their early days. The father was born at Melbourne, in Derbyshire, on Nov. 22, 1808. He was a boy of four when his father died, and as soon as he could work with his hands he helped to support his mother.

He first learned the business of wood-turning and next that of printing and publishing, the latter being carried on in connection with the General Baptist Association. Moreover, he acted as a Bible-reader and village missionary for the county of Rutland. In 1832 he married Miss Mason, the daughter of a Rutland farmer. He was an advocate of temperance, and it was a temperance gathering in the park at Loughborough of Mr. Paget, M.P., which led him to plan an excursion-train from Leicester to that place, the passengers being carried there and back for one shilling a head. He afterwards planned trips to Liverpool and other places in England, to Glasgow and Edinburgh and other places in Scotland; then he used his experience in doing on the continents of Europe and America, in the Holy Land and Egypt, in Australia and India, what he had done on a smaller scale at home. In 1872 he journeyed round the world as a preliminary to the annual trips which his firm has since provided for all those who wish to girdle the globe.

Mr. J. M. Cook, who was born at Market Harborough in 1834, joined his father in the business of travel in 1864, and became the sole managing partner in 1878. He was set to learn printing in his youth, and afterwards he spent three years in the service of the Midland Railway Company. After



MR. JOHN M. COOK.

walking in his father's footsteps for a time, he struck out a new path for himself. Under his direction the firm became owners of a large fleet on the Nile, where it enjoys a monopoly, and of a railway up Mount Vesuvius, while the business has now risen to a far higher level than when it chiefly consisted of excursion trips and tours.



HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND: COUNTING THE CONTENTS OF THE COLLECTION BOXES.



"THE QUAKER'S WOOING."—BY A. W. BAYES.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



"CUPBOARD LOVE."—BY FLORA M. REID.
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

When the Parliamentary historian deals with the events of the Session which is almost at its last gasp, he will not find the most dramatic incident in the course of the debates. He will see nothing in the Statute-book, nothing in the strife of parties and the personal history of prominent politicians, to be compared with the intrepidity of the Serjeant in the presence of great emergency. I don't know how it was, but I had a presentiment that something was brewing in the Strangers' Gallery. As a rule, the strangers are quiescent enough. They are rather like bewildered sheep in a pen, and they listen to the proceedings with an air of pathetic deference, as who would say, "We are the representatives of the public. You are voting away our money, and making our laws. We are speechlessly obliged to you. We think the Speaker is an awe-inspiring personage, and that the Mace is a miracle of decorative beauty. You don't pay the smallest attention to our presence, yet we cannot be sufficiently grateful for your condescension in allowing us to look on." That is the ordinary attitude of the Strangers' Gallery. But I have always felt that it would not last. "Mark my words!" I said to the Serjeant, "there will come a day when some Gracchus of the people will break the chain of this tradition. These are revolutionary times, and the stranger will not always be a sheep without a bleat." This was prophetic. The other evening the House was startled by a sudden shower of documents from the Strangers' Gallery. Gracchus did not bleat, but he threw papers on the august heads of the legislators. The House was petrified, and even Mr. Ashmead Bartlett turned pale. But not even for a moment did the Serjeant lose his fortitude. Though he must have felt the foundations of the Constitution trembling beneath his feet, he did his duty with fearless expedition. Gracchus was promptly arrested and speedily conducted to the street, where he might offer his documents to the passers-by without any peril to society. I have no doubt that Gracchus has a grievance. It has been repeatedly brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Hanbury, who thinks that Gracchus has been very hardly used. But it is very rarely that the House takes sufficient interest in the wrongs of an individual citizen to force the Government to redress them. In this case the general apathy has enabled the Treasury Bench to treat Gracchus with indifference. But now arises a very serious question. Is the House to be exposed to further showers of documents from the Strangers' Gallery? I foresee a time when the whole character of that part of the Legislative Chamber will be altered, when it will be filled by injured persons who, at a preconcerted signal, will ring down tales of printed protests. Some party in the House will curry popular favour by proposing to abolish all the restrictions upon strangers. The lattice of the Ladies' Gallery will be removed, and the feminine kindred of members will audibly exhort them to strike for hearth and home. The strangers will cheer their political idols, and make those tumults which, I am told, frequently enliven the galleries of foreign Legislatures. Yes, we are approaching the period when the democracy will not be content to read the Parliamentary reports, but will surge into the House and intimidate or stimulate whatever statesman happens to be the prodigy of the hour.

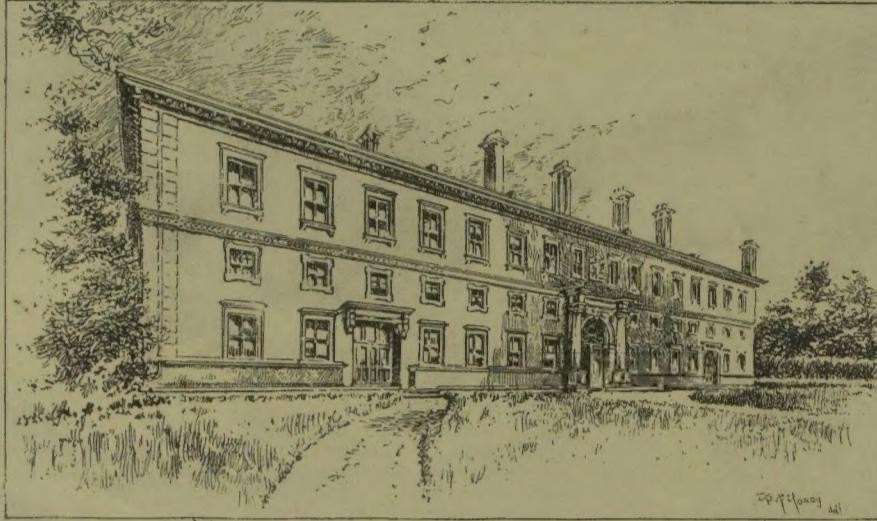
I think it must be with a view to this new order of things that Mr. Atkinson is gradually qualifying himself for a prominent part in public affairs. There is something about Mr. Atkinson which is well calculated to appeal to the Gracchus upstairs. For example, the member for Boston will stand no nonsense even from the officers of the House, "Terrible fellow, Atkinson!" says the Serjeant. "I have a dread that some day I shall come into collision with him; we are both determined men, and the encounter will be nothing short of a cataclysm." I fervently hope that this will be averted, but Mr. Atkinson is showing remarkable spirit in a controversy with the Clerks at the Table, and a man who does that will go to any length. The Clerks at the Table are like the Fates. They do not weave and snip the threads of human life, but they edit members' questions—an occupation which is quite as serious. They laid violent hands on a question which Mr. Atkinson wanted to put about the Coinage Bill, and he refused to submit to this stroke of destiny. He made some remarks about disputed paternity, remarks of a kind usually confined to the police courts. Since then he has given notice of a motion of censure on the Speaker and the Clerks at the Table, and I imagine that the Parliamentary Fates are uneasy for the first time in their lives. But Mr. Atkinson has conferred signal marks of favour on Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Balfour. The Chief Secretary, in particular, excites Mr. Atkinson's admiration because he shows a meekness under provocation which would make the member for Boston very warlike. So much moved, indeed, was Mr. Atkinson lately by this characteristic of Mr. Balfour that he expressed the hope that the Chief Secretary, who had "the affectionate love of both sides of the House, would be promoted to another and a better place." This sentiment was received with much appreciation by the Irish members, who thought Mr. Atkinson was in a hurry to canonise the object of his enthusiasm. Mr. Healy suggested that when the post of Chief Secretary was vacant, Mr. Atkinson should fill it, whereupon the member for Boston crowned his successes for the evening by gravely interjecting that he would accept no office of that kind. He will not trammel his mighty spirit with the responsibilities of red tape, and part with the freedom which ought, in time, to make him the idol of a reformed Strangers' Gallery.

But what a change there is in the redoubtable Tim! The Irish Estimates have not provoked him to bursts of patriotic frenzy. With as much surprise as it can feel at the end of a particularly wearisome Session, the House heard Mr. Healy engaging to support the Local Government Bill which Mr. Balfour said he was prepared to introduce for the benefit of Ireland. The subdued tone of Mr. Healy's criticism of Mr. Balfour's administration was echoed by most of the Irish members who spoke in the debate. Mr. Jordan made a gallant attempt to revive the old sport of Donnybrook Fair. He complained that he had been dragged from his constituents by "a low policeman," a minion of the tyrannical Cecil Roche. Time was when that name would have provoked fierce execration below the gangway. Now it is heard with scarcely a murmur. Even Dr. Tanner

yielded to the prevailing influence. "I don't know how it is," he explained apologetically to the Serjeant, "but I fear I was actually civil to Balfour. I forgot to tell him, bedad, that I hate his evil ways. His myrmidons nearly murdered me once, and I forgot that too. Why, he smiled at me, and spoke me fair, and by the groves of Blarney I felt he was a gentleman!" After that Dr. Tanner averred that Ireland was filled with the monuments of the incapacity of the Board of Works, but even this comprehensive indictment had none of the spirit of former days. There is no one to wield the shillelagh now, and clamour for revenge on the brutal Saxon.

THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.

South London will possess, in addition to the Battersea and the Southwark (Borough Road) Institutes, provided mainly by the new application of funds belonging to the ancient City

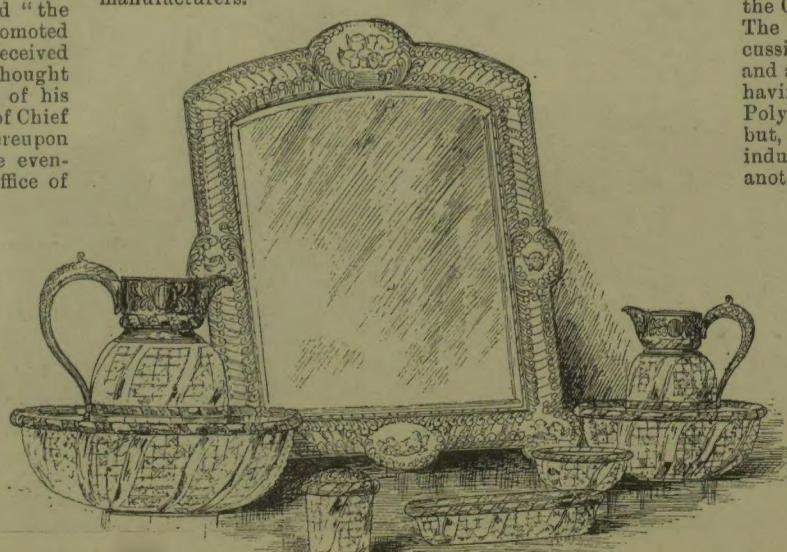


THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, NEW CROSS.

parochial charities, the Technical and Recreational Institute at New Cross, situated beyond Bermondsey and Rotherhithe towards Deptford, amid a rapidly increasing population. The Goldsmiths' Company of London, at a cost of £280,000, including all endowments, have bestowed this great boon on the people of the South-Eastern district, emulating and surpassing the good example of the Drapers' Company in aiding the "People's Palace" for Whitechapel and Mile-End Road. The premises and buildings acquired for the new institute, which have been largely altered or transformed by the company's architect and surveyor, Mr. J. W. Penfold, are those formerly occupied by the Royal Naval School, now removed to the country. They are in the Lewisham High Road, at the corner of Dixon Road; the extent of the grounds is about seven acres. The buildings, which form a quadrangle of 100 ft. square, were erected for the Royal Naval School in 1843; that was the date when the late Prince Consort laid the foundation-stone. They have now been reopened, on Wednesday, July 22, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the Goldsmiths' Company's Technical Institute. The main front building, with a garden in front, contains, on the ground and mezzanine floors, the administrative offices and the apartments of the resident secretary, Mr. J. S. Redmayne; on the first floor, the spacious library, reading-rooms, and news-rooms, approached by different staircases from the men's department, in the right or north wing, and from the women's department, in the left wing, these departments having also separate entrances from outside. The men's side comprises, on the ground floor, a large refreshment-room, with kitchens, lavatories, gymnasium, swimming-bath, and the engineers' workshops, the electricians' laboratory, carpenters' shop, and those of other crafts; on the first floor, a "social room," an extensive suite of art class-rooms, and rooms for chess and other games. The gymnasium and the new swimming-bath are of large dimensions and well fitted. There is a paved court of 2000 square yards for drill and some games, but the recreation-ground has an extent of four acres and a half, with a running-track and space for cricket, tennis, or football. The cost of the building and site and the alterations has been about £70,000.

AN IMPERIAL TOILETTE SERVICE.

We give below an illustration of a very beautiful toilette service, provided by the Corporation of the City of London upon the occasion of the recent visit of her Imperial Majesty the German Empress to the Guildhall. This special and magnificent service was manufactured by the well-known firm of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of the Poultry and Oxford Street. It is of richly cut glass and exquisite sterling silver gilt, is very beautiful alike in form and in the elaboration of its decorative details, and reflects unqualified credit upon the manufacturers.



TOILETTE SERVICE USED BY THE GERMAN EMPRESS AT THE GUILDFALL.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The German Emperor, who is enjoying a well-earned holiday in Norway, arrived at Bödö on July 19, at two o'clock in the morning, landed at four, went for a drive in a "carriole," and finally laid the foundation-stone of a watch-tower. Most people would consider this a hard day's work, but William II. is indefatigable, and, after all, what are his exertions at Bödö compared with the programme of his stay at Skaarö, which includes a whale-hunt, trout-fishing, reindeer-hunting, and an eagle-hunt! Of course, everybody knows that the young Emperor is one of the keenest sportsmen of the present day, but such a programme as that of Skaarö might well be thought a very fatiguing one, even for a man of the strongest physique, and it is wonderful how he gets through all he does, considering the physical disability under which he labours. As everything must have an end, even an Emperor's holiday, the Kaiser is expected to return to Berlin for the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor of Austria, who will be sixty-one on Aug. 18 next.

Politics being at a standstill in Berlin just now, people have been busy talking about what is called the "medical scandal." Professor Bergmann and Dr. Hahn are charged with having inoculated cancer lymph into the healthy parts of the bodies of pauper patients, and have been ordered to give within twenty-four hours an explanation of their conduct. Shocking as it may appear to the layman, this so-called scientific experiment is regarded as perfectly justifiable by a number of eminent German doctors, who assert that the inoculations performed upon patients already infected by cancerous formations cannot cause the sufferer any additional pain or inconvenience. It remains to be seen what view the German authorities will take of this matter. It would be interesting also to know the opinion of the anti-vivisectionists.

There is still considerable uncertainty as to the movements of the Czar and as to whether he will go to Copenhagen. In the meantime extensive preparations are being made at Cronstadt for the reception of the French fleet, which is expected to reach that port on July 25. The French ships are to be met at the Tolbukhin Lighthouse by the Grand Duke Alexis, Grand Admiral of the Fleet, who will be on board the Asia. This ship will be followed by a flotilla of vessels, having on board the members of the French Embassy, delegates of the Slav societies, with Count Ignatief at their head, and the representatives of the Press. In the evening the French officers will be invited to a banquet at Peterhof, when the Czar will be present.

A few days later another distinguished visitor will arrive in Russia. The young King Alexander of Servia is due at Peterhof on Aug. 2. He will be received at the railway station by the Czar and all the Russian Grand Dukes, and at the palace of Peterhof by the Czarina and all the Grand Duchesses. Festivities of all kinds are being prepared in honour of the boy King, who will be treated with as much ceremony and pomp as the German Emperor a few years ago. The political significance of the extraordinary welcome extended to the youthful King of Servia is that it may be considered as a sign that there is a *rapprochement* between the Czar and the Obrenovitch dynasty, much to the concern of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, who had been told that he was the Czar's only friend, and had founded on that assurance hopes that are now being rudely dispelled.

From Russia, King Alexander goes to Austria, where he will be welcomed at Ischl, on Aug. 10, with great cordiality, but without any display of imperial pomp and splendour; and he will probably be greatly struck by the difference between the two receptions. What the effect will be on the lad's imagination remains to be seen, but the striking contrast cannot escape him, and may produce a lasting impression.

Austria-Hungary is now negotiating two treaties of commerce, one with Italy and another with Switzerland. When the negotiations with the latter country are sufficiently advanced, Switzerland will approach Italy with a view to entering with her into a similar arrangement. It is a fact worthy of attention that the commercial policy of the Central Powers seems to run on parallel lines with their political arrangements, and one that ought to be duly noted by Protectionists both in Russia and in France.

The session of the French Chamber was brought to a close on July 18—not a moment too soon, it must be added. Under some influence which it is not easy to define, the French Chamber of Deputies was becoming restless, and managed to bring on two Ministerial crises in less than a week. The first crisis was caused by an interpellation by M. Laur on the alleged grievances of French commercial travellers in Alsace-Lorraine in connection with the passport regulations. M. Ribot asked that the discussion might be postponed; but the Chamber voted against him, and a crisis seemed imminent. The next day, however, alarmed at the complications a discussion might give rise to, the Chamber rescinded its first vote, and all ended happily. A day or two later, M. de Freycinet, having been refused a grant of 600,000 f. for enlarging the Polytechnic School, resigned on the spur of the moment; but, a Cabinet Council having been hastily summoned, he was induced by his colleagues to reconsider his decision, and another crisis was thus avoided. It may be assumed, nevertheless, from these two incidents—first, that M. Ribot has lost his hold upon the Chamber; secondly, that M. de Freycinet, who is the cleverest political meteorologist in France, sees the danger, and is anxious to find a convenient pretext for resigning before the Cabinet is hopelessly beaten; and, thirdly, that the existence of the French Ministry will be seriously threatened from the moment the Chamber meets again after its summer vacation.

Before separating for their holidays, the French deputies voted the new Protectionist Customs tariff, the immediate result of which will be to increase the cost of living. Of course, this is denied by the Protectionists; but, as the Government have had to ask for an additional money grant for providing for the increased expense to be incurred by the commissariat of the Army on account of the expected rise in the price of bread, it is difficult to see how food can be cheaper for the working man than for the soldier under the new economic conditions brought about by the recently voted tariff.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Schnadhorst has given it to be understood that he will probably retire from the secretaryship of the National Liberal Federation after the next general election. If that is the case he will be very greatly missed by his party, in spite of the increasing deafness which makes intimate personal communication a little difficult, and of the rheumatic troubles from which he has been suffering. In the small, dark, spectacled man, with his quiet, reserved, and very amiable manners, few would guess the identity of the founder and sustainer of the "caucus," which is to-day the accepted principle of Liberal and, to a certain extent, also of Conservative organisation. No man living has probably so large a knowledge of the personnel of political organisation, many of the ablest Liberal agents having received their training direct from "the chief." Mr. Schnadhorst's merit, however, has been not only his gift for putting the right men in the right place, but his own strong personal interest in politics. His own opinions are advanced, but he manages pretty well to keep the party balance trimmed. Some time ago he received a handsome testimonial from old admirers. He has a very able lieutenant in Mr. R. A. Hudson, who will probably become his successor.

No recent illness has excited one tithe of the interest awakened over Mr. Spurgeon's sick-bed. The latest bulletins have been eagerly read in clubs, theatres, and where men of all classes assemble, and railway travellers possessing papers with news of the great preacher's condition have been besieged with eager requests for information. One paper, which has published full accounts of the daily prayer-meeting held in Mr. Spurgeon's behalf, has had letters of thanks from all parts of England, including the most remote. In the East End, where, during a temporary repair of the Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon once held an audience of the roughest characters spellbound, the display of sympathy has been specially keen.

Mr. Spurgeon is not of purely English extraction. His family came from Holland, and settled in the Eastern Counties as refugees from the Spanish persecutions. His parents were Congregationalists, noted for piety and a certain simple fervour, which was especially marked in their eloquent son. Mr. Spurgeon, however, very early joined the Baptists, though he owed his "conversion," which he has described with great dramatic power, to a preacher in a wayside Primitive Methodist Chapel. His power of speech developed very early, and it was in no way due to lengthened instruction, which Mr. Spurgeon was offered, but which he refused. His fame as a preacher had begun to spread far and wide when he was still a mere boy in appearance, as in years. His early career in London was attended with a good deal of fierce controversy.

Mr. Spurgeon's gifts as a preacher are unrivalled. The mere variety of his setting of his form of Christian faith is extraordinary. Every week during his residence in London he has produced a fresh sermon, which has sometimes circulated to the tune of 100,000 copies, and has formed the basis of thousands of discourses by Christian ministers all the world over. The style of these deliverances—simple, colloquial, easy—a mixture of humour, pathos, homely common-sense, and fervour—has also been Mr. Spurgeon's own. Mr. Spurgeon's appearance on the great platform, about which he is wont to pace when preaching, is, of course, familiar to thousands and hundreds of thousands of our countrymen. Yet he has never been given to ranting—the tones are quiet, and the chief characteristics of the voice have been its singular carrying power, rather than exceeding strength or fullness of tone.

The death of Herr Seiler, the famous hotel proprietor of Zermatt, may almost be said to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations. Herr Seiler practically made Zermatt as a pleasure resort, and in return he grew to be one of the wealthiest men in Switzerland. In addition to his fine establishments at Zermatt, he owned a splendid hotel on the Eggischhorn, one of the best in Switzerland. He admirably organised the guide and mule services in his neighbourhood; and with all his wealth, and his monopoly of one of the finest mountain resorts in Europe, he remained to the last an honest, kindly, and simple-minded host, as well as the Napoleon of Swiss hotel-keepers. Nearly every climber knew him personally.

Madame Juliette Adam, not content with the *Nouvelle Revue*, is thinking of starting a literary weekly. With the exception of the somewhat austere *Revue Bleue*, which is often more political than literary, nothing of the kind exists in Paris. Madame Adam is one of the most striking literary personalities in France. In her salon men of all shades of opinion and all literary creeds, meet as on neutral ground. She discovered, or, as the Parisians say, "invented," Pierre Loti and also Paul Marguerite, who bids fair to take a great place among the advance-guard of modern novelists. Every MS. sent in to the *Nouvelle Revue* is read by the energetic editress herself—in fact, she has never had a "reader." Madame Juliette Adam was said to be the political Egeria of Léon Gambetta. Every Sunday the great tribune could be met in her salon, declaiming his views to a small circle of disciples. Madame Adam helped to nurse him during the last few days of his life, and has, since his death, always endeavoured to carry on at least his ideas of foreign policy in regard to the Russo-Franco alliance.

We quoted, last week, an interesting extract from Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," in which he describes, in his own charming way, the German Emperor as he appeared at the marriage of the Prince of Wales—a little Highlander, trotting by his mother's side, with the young Princes, the Queen's sons, also attired in kilts. The London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post* recalls a passage from Bishop Wilberforce's diary which would seem to show that the young gentleman's mood was a trifle less angelic than his appearance: "The little Prince William of Prussia, between his two little uncles to keep him quiet, both of whom he—the Crown Princess told me—bit on the bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet."

A curious movement has been set on foot in England, a paper owned by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., himself a member of the Government, with the object of replacing Mr. Smith in the leadership of the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Smith's health has been somewhat seriously affected of late by attacks of gout and rheumatism, but it is probable that if

he regains his old vigour he will continue to lead his party in the Commons. On the whole, his method is excellent, his tact, easy good-nature, and dislike of long speeches being precisely the qualities which conduce to swift and easy dispatch of business. Brilliant as Mr. Balfour's personal success has been, there is an obstacle to the proposal that he should succeed Mr. Smith in the fact that he will probably have charge of an Irish Local Government Bill next year.

The death is announced from America, of Mr. Edward Burgess, the famous designer of some of America's "crack" racing yachts. Mr. Burgess was a teacher of entomology at Harvard when financial reverses overtook him, and he turned his taste and skill to professional yacht-designing. He designed the *Puritan*, which, in 1885, defeated the late Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta* in the international race for the America Cup, and the *Mayflower*, which, in the following year, beat Lieutenant Henn's *Galatea*, taken across the Atlantic by her owner to redeem the *Genesta's* defeat.

Mrs. French Sheldon, the enterprising lady who lately tried to emulate Mr. Stanley in his African exploits, is an American by birth, although she and her husband have fixed their home in that old-world English townlet Hampton-on-Thames. Already an experienced traveller, for Mrs. Sheldon first came to Europe at the age of twelve years, and has constantly journeyed here, there, and everywhere in search of adventure, she had always wished to see unexplored Africa, and her part failure was not due to want of strong common-sense or pluck, but to the disastrous effects of the climate. Mr. H. M. Stanley, M. Du Chaillu, Mr. Thompson, and a host of other experienced African explorers believed the task Mrs. Sheldon had set herself to perform quite feasible, and have been considerably astonished at the disastrous result of the

gracious and attractive of all human beings—a woman's woman. . . . She has proved herself one of the greatest and most enterprising of the publishers of this age, the equal in enterprise, ability, discretion, of any man in the world; and alas! she is not only a pretty woman, but she is fond of dress, has pretty feminine airs, and is, at the proper time, devoted to society."

Mr. R. Chambers Lehmann, who is described in the jubilee number of *Punch* as the latest addition to the historic "Table," is the eldest son of Mr. Frederick Lehmann, of Berkeley Square, the senior partner of the great City firm of Naylor, Benzon, and Co. He is a grandson of Robert Chambers, the publisher, a nephew of Rudolf Lehmann, the artist, and a first cousin of Miss Liza Lehmann, whose singing is so well known in London concert-rooms; and of Mr. Ernest Benzon, who earned a somewhat unenviable notoriety as the "Jubilee Plunger." Mr. Lehmann is well known in rowing circles, is a barrister by profession, and has political aspirations, intending to stand for Cambridge (at which University he was educated) in the Liberal interest at the next election.

The favourite pastime of the Queen of the Belgians and her daughter, who are both staying at Ostend, is shell-hunting on the sands. One day quite recently, it is stated, they extended their *chasse aux coquillages* as far as Newport, and, in order to reach home before dark, were compelled to stop the steam-tram and take refuge in a first-class compartment occupied by a buxom German lady and her husband. The ire of the former being excited by the presence of a small dog carried by Princess Clémentine, she roundly abused them in German, expressed her doubts as to whether they had really taken first-class tickets, indulged in uncomplimentary remarks on their shabby attire, and finally bounced out of the carriage with the avowed intention of taking a cab to her hotel so as to avoid the contamination of such vulgar company! The Queen, who delights in travelling incognito, was greatly amused at this adventure.

The announcement of an engagement between Lord Dudley and Miss Rachel Gurney is of considerable social interest. The young Lord Dudley, handsome son of a beautiful mother, is popular and not without promise, and to Miss Gurney's beauty and accomplishments must be added the fact that she is a member of an almost historic family. She is a direct descendant of Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker heroine of prison reform, and of Joseph John Gurney, banker and philanthropist. Mr. John Henry Gurney, who was the chief figure in Overend, Gurney, and Co., and who at one time promised to be one of the greatest millionaires of the century, died a short time ago. Miss Rachel Gurney is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gurney.

Miss Gurney has been brought up and educated entirely by the Duchess of Bedford, and is quite like a daughter to her and the Duke. The Duke, it is said, who is very fond of her and pleased at the marriage, is to give her £100,000 as a *dot*. Miss Gurney, besides being very handsome, is extremely accomplished, and is one of the best amateur singers in England. Lord Dudley's income, though very large, is, says the *World*, a fluctuating one, and just now is not to be compared with that of his father; and he has very large portions to pay to his brothers and sister. *Truth*, on the other hand, describes the story of the *dot* as the "purest of fictions."

The celebration of the centenary of Mozart's death has just taken place at Salzburg, the Alpine town in which he was born. The house was handsomely decorated, and a Requiem was performed in the cathedral.

If the *World* is to be believed, the Emperor William wished to get out of the Albert Hall "command performance," and he would have very much preferred a visit to the Lyceum. He was particularly anxious to see Mr. Irving in either "The Bells" or "The Corsican Brothers," and it is a pity that his Majesty's wishes were not gratified. The Emperor is very fond of the theatre, and takes an immense interest both in the acting and in the *mise en scène*, and he considers himself to be a most competent critic, both of the performance and of the stage management.

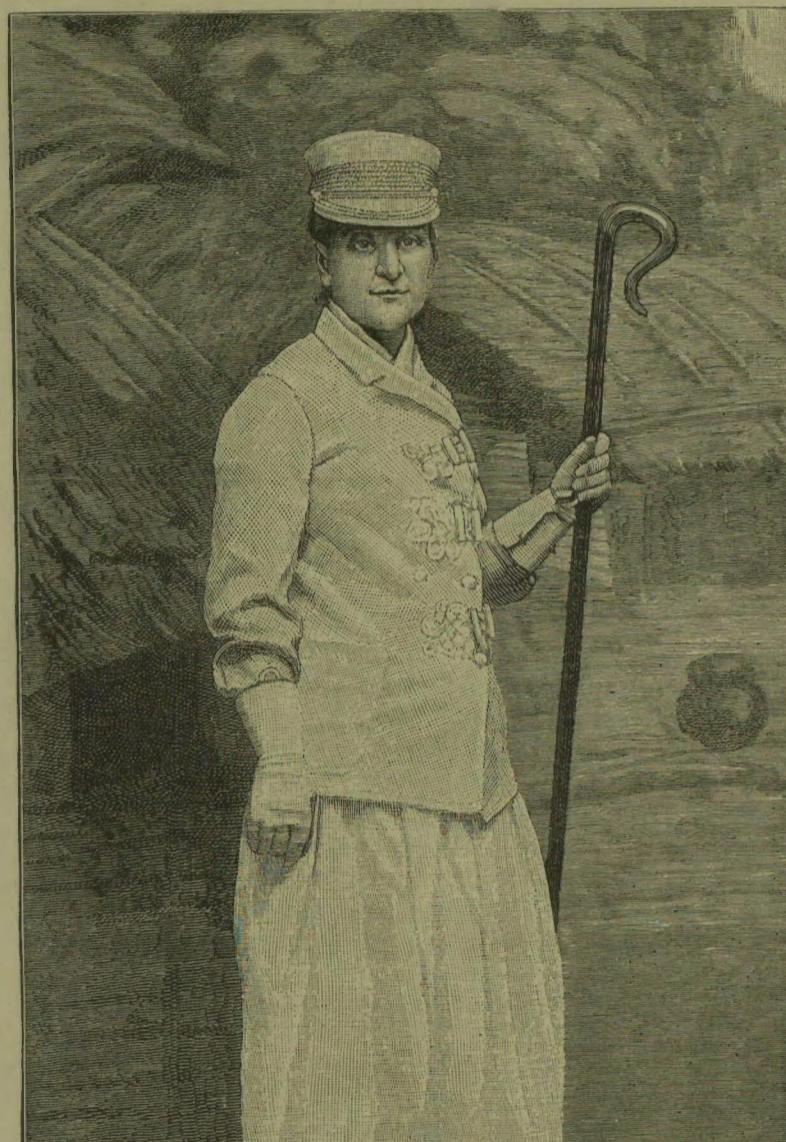
Some old members of the Carlton Club having depoted one of their number to send him the expression of their united sympathy on his recent bereavement, Mr. Gladstone has replied as follows:

"I thank you heartily, and I know that in thanking you I thank many. In a great affliction, a most heavy loss, God has been most kind to us, and so has man. Be assured I have never dreamed that barriers erected by the necessities of politics would check the flow of human sympathy within your walls."

It is hard to realise that the Swiss Confederation, one of the oldest of continuous forms of government in Europe, has been in existence for six centuries. The 600th anniversary, however, has just been celebrated by the Swiss colony in London at the Star and Garter in Richmond, with a dinner and some pretty ceremonies in the gardens. The two toasts at the feast were "The Queen" and "Our Country," which were received with the Swiss substitute for "Kentish fire," the *ban fédéral*. There was exhibited in the hotel the colours presented in 1745 by George II. to the Swiss residents in England who offered their services against the Pretender.

Madame Bonnemain, the lady to whom General Boulanger linked his later and disastrous fortunes, has just died at Brussels. She was a woman of considerable beauty and talent, and the General was completely fascinated by her. He established her in a quiet hotel in an aristocratic quarter in Paris, and would pay her visits in a kind of semi-state, appearing on the balcony with her, while bands in the courtyard below played the Boulanger March, and the people cheered madly for the "brav' Général." Madame Bonnemain was his companion in exile, and accompanied him to his home in Brussels. She hardly played so important a part in the political development of Boulangism as the Duchesse d'Uzès, a woman of a much more masterful type than Madame Bonnemain.

According to *Truth*, the Archbishop of York is to do homage to the Queen early in August at Osborne, when her Majesty will hold a Council, at which he will be sworn in as a Privy Councillor. The Archbishop and Mrs. Maclagan will take up their residence at Bishopthorpe early in September, and he is to be enthroned in York Minster on the 15th of that month.

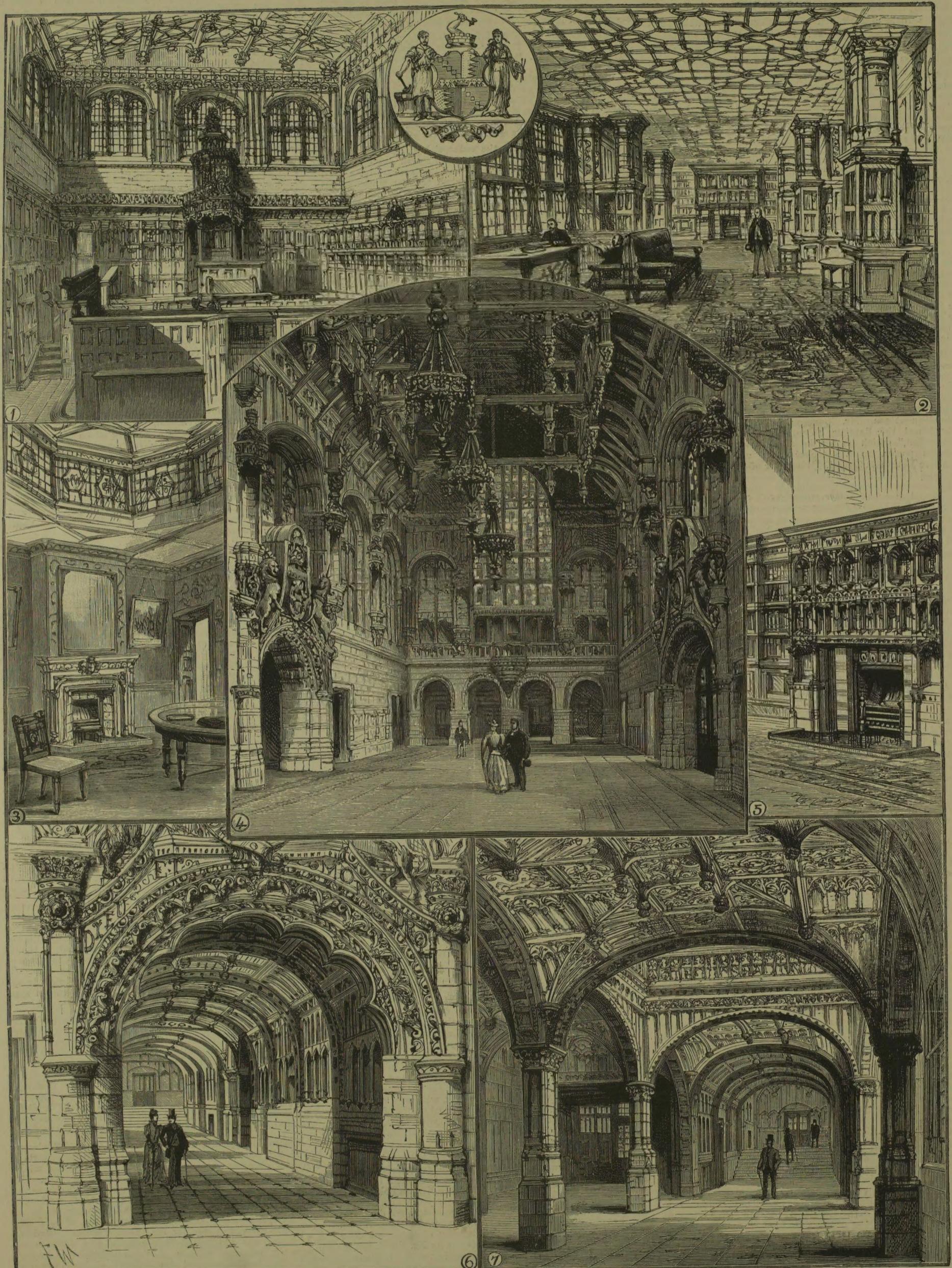


MRS. FRENCH SHELDON, THE LADY AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

experiment, for the gallant lady traveller has come back shattered in health and nerves.

However, among other remarkable incidents of Mrs. French Sheldon's journey to Kilimanjaro, and which will form the subject of a paper that will be probably read at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association shortly, was the circumnavigation by her little party of the Lake Chala, a small sheet of water filling up the crater of an extinct volcano near Kimawenyi. Lake Chala was discovered by one of the earliest missionary explorers, but the descent of the perpendicular side of the crater to the water itself was thought to be impossible. This feat Mrs. Sheldon actually managed to accomplish, and, not content with merely touching the water, she and a young Scotchman, Mr. Keith Anstruther, who was at Taneta when Mrs. Sheldon arrived there, launched a sort of pontoon boat which had been abandoned by a party of Russian sportsmen at Kilimanjaro, and stirred the depths of this hitherto unruffled inland sea.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the American lady publisher, who is now spending the few weeks which constitute her yearly summer holiday in London, is perhaps the most marked feminine personality in the United States. Florence Miriam Folline was born in New Orleans some eight-and-thirty years ago, of good old Huguenot stock, and to her French ancestors she doubtless owes her clear business head and rare powers of administration. The rise, decline, and renewed prosperity of the great New York publishing house, started originally by Mr. Frank Leslie, and left by him in an apparently hopeless state of financial difficulty to his widow, are matters of common knowledge, and the story of the way in which Mrs. Frank Leslie, triumphing over every obstacle, paid off within the space of two years all her husband's business debts, and made of what had been at best a bankrupt stock an unencumbered business property now worth millions of dollars, has been too often told to need recapitulation. Of the woman as a woman, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, the sister of the late President of the United States, described her in *Literary Life*: "Mrs. Leslie is that most



1. Civil Court. 2. Library. 3. Corner in the Judge's Room, Civil Court. 4. Great Hall. 5. Fireplace in Library. 6. Looking up Main Corridor from the Great Hall. 7. Main Corridor.

THE NEW VICTORIA LAW COURTS, BIRMINGHAM: INTERIOR VIEWS.



It was a strange procession: four of the prisoners carried the coffin; on either side was a soldier carrying a lighted lantern; and last of all came Israel himself, unsupported and alone.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER V.

OF RUTH'S BURIAL.

The people of Tetuan were not melted towards Israel by the depth of his sorrow, and the breadth of shadow that lay upon him. By noon of the day following the night of Ruth's death, Israel knew that he was to be left alone. It was a rule of the Mellah that on notice being given of a death in their quarter the clerk of the synagogue should publish it at the first service thereafter, in order that a club of men, called the Society of the Buriers, might straightway make arrangements for burial. Early prayers had been held in the synagogue at eight o'clock that morning, and no one had yet come near to Israel's house. The men of the club were going about their ordinary occupations. They knew nothing of Ruth's death by official announcement. The clerk had not published it. Israel remembered with bitterness that notice of it had not been sent. Nevertheless, the fact was known throughout Tetuan. There was not a water-carrier in the market-place but had taken it to each house he called at, and passed it to every man he met. Little groups of idle Jewish women had been many hours congregated in the streets outside, talking of it in whispers and looking up at the darkened windows with awe. But the synagogue knew nothing of it. Israel had omitted the customary ceremony, and in that omission lay the advantage of his enemies. He must humble himself and send to them. Until he did so they would leave him alone.

Israel did not send. Never once since the birth of Naomi had he crossed the threshold of the synagogue. He would not cross it now, whether in body or in spirit. But he was still a Jew, with Jewish customs, if he had lost the Jewish faith, and it was one of the customs of the Jews that a body should be buried within twenty-four hours, at farthest, from the time of death. He must do something immediately. Some help must be summoned. What help could it be?

It was useless to think of the Mosleemeen. No believer would lend a hand to dig a grave for an unbeliever, or to make apparel for his dead. It was just as idle to think of the Jews. If the synagogue knew nothing of this burial, no Jew in the Mellah would be found so poor that he would have need to know more. And of Christians, of any sort or condition, there were none in all Tetuan.

The gall of Israel's heart rose to his throat. Was he to be left alone with his dead wife? Did his enemies desire to see him bury her with his own hands? Or did they expect him to come to them with bowed forehead and bended knee? Either way their reckoning was a mistake. They might leave him terribly and awfully alone—alone in his hour of mourning, even as they had left him alone in his hour of rejoicing, when he had married the dear soul who was dead. But his strength and energy they should not crush; his vital and intellectual force they should not wither away. Only one thing they could do to touch him—they could shrivel up his last impulse of sweet human sympathy. They were doing it now.

When Israel had put matters to himself so, he dispatched a message to the Governor at the Kasba, and received, in answer, six State prisoners, fettered in pairs, under the guard of two soldiers.

The burial took place within the limit of twenty-four hours prescribed by Jewish custom. It was twilight when the body was brought down from the upper room to the patio. There stood the coffin on a dresser that had been raised for it of chairs standing back to back. And there, too, sat Israel, with Naomi and little black Ali beside him.

Israel's manner was composed; his face was as firm as a rock, and his dress was more costly than Tetuan had ever seen him wear before. Everything that related to the burial he

had managed himself, down to the least or poorest detail. But there was nothing poor about it in the larger sense. Israel was a rich man now, and he set no value on his riches except to subdue the fate that had first beaten him down, and to abash the enemies who still menaced him. Nothing was lacking that money could buy in Tetuan to make this burial an imposing ceremony. Only one thing it wanted—it wanted mourners, and it had but one.

Unlike her father, little Naomi was visibly excited. She ran to and fro, clutched at Israel's clothes and seemed to look

into his face, clasped the hand of little Ali and held it long as if in fear. Whether she knew what work was afoot, and, if she knew it, by what channel of soul or sense she learnt it, no man can say. That she was conscious of the presence of many strangers is certain, and when the men from the Kasba brought the body down the stairway, with the two black women clinging to it, kissing its robes and wailing over it, she broke away from Israel and rushed in among them with a startled cry, and her little white arms upraised. But, whatever her impulse, there was no need to check her. The moment she had touched the cold body of her mother she crept back in dread to her father's side.

It was a strange procession which then passed out of the patio. Four of the prisoners carried the coffin on their shoulders, walking in pairs according to their fetters. They were gaunt and bony creatures. Hunger had wasted their sallow cheeks, and the air of noisome dungeons had sunken their rheumy eyes. Their clothes were soiled rags, and over them, and concealing them down to their waists and yet lower, hung the deep, rich velvet pall, with its long silk fringes. In front walked the two remaining prisoners, each bearing a great plume in his left hand—the right arm, as well as the right leg, being chained. On either side was a soldier, carrying a lighted lantern, which burnt small and feeble in the twilight, and last of all came Israel himself, unsupported and alone. Thus they passed through the little crowd of idlers that had congregated at the door, through the streets of the Mellah, and out into the market-place, and up the narrow lane that leads to the chief town gate.

There is something in the very nature of power that demands homage, and the people of Tetuan could not deny it to Israel. As the procession went through the town they cleared a way for it, and they were silent until it had gone. Within the gate of the Mellah, a rabbi was killing fowls and taking his tribute of copper coins, but he stopped his work and fell back as the procession approached. A blind beggar crouching at the other side of the gate was reciting passages of the Koran, and two Arabs close at his elbow were wrangling over a game of draughts, which they were playing by the light of a flare; but both curses and Koran ceased as the procession passed under the arch. In the market-place a Soosi juggler was performing before a throng of laughing people, and a storyteller was shrieking to the twang of his gimbri; but the audience of the juggler broke up as the procession appeared, and the gimbri of the storyteller was no more heard. The hammering in the shops of the gunsmiths was stopped, and the tinkling of the bells of the water-carriers was silenced. Mules bringing wood from the country were dragged out of the path, and the town asses, with their panniers full of street-filth, were drawn up by the wall. From the market-place and out of the shops, out of the houses and out of the mosque itself, the people came trooping in crowds, and they made a long close line on either side of the course which the procession must take. And through this avenue of onlookers the strange company made its way—the two prisoners bearing the plumes, the four others bearing the coffin, the two soldiers carrying the lanterns, and Israel last of all, unsupported and alone. Nothing was heard in the silence of the people but the tramp of the feet of the six men, and the clank of their chains. The light of the lanterns was on the faces of some of them, and everyone knew them for what they were. It was on the face of Israel also, yet he did not flinch. His head was held steadily upward; he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but strode firmly along.

The Jewish cemetery was outside the town walls, and before the procession came to it the darkness had closed in. Its little white tombstones, all pointing towards Jerusalem,



She would climb the hill beyond the battery, even to the topmost peak of it, and stand on the summit like a spirit poised in air.

lay in the gloom like a flock of sheep asleep among the grass. It had no gate but a gap in the fence, and no fence but a hedge of the prickly pear and the long aloë.

Israel had opened a grave beside the grave of the old Rabbi her father. He had asked no man's permission to do so, but, if no one had helped at that day's business, neither had anyone dared to hinder. And when the coffin was set down by the grave-side no ceremony did Israel forget, and none did he omit. He repeated the Caddish and cut the notch in his kaftan; he took from his breast the little linen bag of the white earth of the Land of Promise and laid it under the head; he locked a padlock and flung away the key. Last of all, when the coffin had been lowered to its long home, he stepped in after it, raised the unfastened lid, and called on one of the soldiers to lend him a lantern. And then, kneeling at the foot of his dead wife, he touched her with both his hands, and spoke these words in a clear, firm voice, looking down at her where she lay in the veil that she had used to wear in the synagogue, and speaking to her as though she heard: "Ruth, my wife, my dearest, for the cruel wrong which I did you long ago when I suffered you to marry me, being a man such as I was, under the ban of my people, forgive me now, my beloved, and ask God to forgive me also."

It was a strange sight and a strange sound: the dark cemetery, the six prisoners in their clanking irons, the two soldiers with their lanterns, the open grave, and this strong-hearted man kneeling within it, that he might do his last duty, according to the custom of his race and faith, to her whom he had wronged and should meet no more until the resurrection itself rejoined them. The traffic of the streets had begun again by this time, and between the words which Israel had spoken the low hum of many voices had come over the dark town walls.

The six prisoners went back to the Kasba with joyful hearts, for each carried with him a paper which procured his freedom on the day following. But Israel returned to his home with a soured and darkened mind. As he had plucked his last handful of the grass, and flung it over his shoulder, saying, "They shall spring in the cities as the grass in the earth," he had asked himself what it mattered to him, though all the world were peopled, now that she who had been all the world to him was dead. God had left him as a lonely pilgrim in a dreary desert. Only one glimpse of human affection had he known as a man, and here it was taken from him for ever.

And when he remembered Naomi, he quarrelled with God again. She was a helpless exile among men, a creature banished from all human intercourse, a living soul locked in a tabernacle of flesh. Was it a good God who had taken the mother from such a child — the child from such a mother? Israel was heart-smitten, and his soul blasphemed. It was not God but the devil that ruled the world. It was not justice but evil that governed it.

Thus did this outcast man rebel against God, thinking of the child's loss and of his own; but nevertheless by the child itself he was yet to be saved from the devil's snare, and the ways whereon this sweet flower, fresh from God's hand, wrought upon his heart to redeem it were very strange and wonderful.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SPIRIT-MAID.

Now, the promise which Israel made to Ruth at her death, that Naomi should not lack for love and tending, he faithfully fulfilled. From that time forward he became as father and mother both to the child, seeming to count himself as nothing where she was in question, and to forgo everything for her sake. So day by day he grew in tenderness, and night by night brought him compassion, and the austerity of manner which had marked him from the first melted gradually away in this sweet love and tending of the child that looked to him for succour.

At the outset of his charge of Naomi he made to himself a survey of her condition, and found it more terrible than imagination of the mind could think or words of the tongue express. It was easy to say that she was deaf and dumb and blind, but it was hard to realise what so great an affliction implied. It implied that she was a little human sister standing close to the rest of the family of man yet very far away from them. She was as much apart as if she had inhabited a different sphere. No human sympathy could reach her in joy or pain and sorrow. She had no part to play in life. In the midst of a world of light she was in a land of darkness, and she was in a world of silence in the midst of a land of sweet sounds. She was a living and buried soul.

And of that soul itself, what did Israel know? He knew that it had memory, for Naomi had remembered her mother; and he knew that it had love, for she had pined for Ruth, and clung to her. But what were love and memory without sight and speech? They were no more than a magnet locked in a casket — idle and useless to any purposes of man or the world.

Thinking of this, Israel realised for the first time how awful

was the affliction of his motherless girl. To be blind was to be afflicted once, but to be both blind and deaf was not only to be afflicted twice, but twice ten thousand times, and to be blind and deaf and dumb was not merely to be afflicted thrice, but beyond all reckonings of human speech.

For though Naomi had been blind, yet, if she could have had hearing, her father might have spoken with her, and if she had sorrows he must have soothed them, and if she had joys he must have shared them, and in this beautiful world of God, so full of things to look upon and to love, he must have been eyes of her eyes that could not see. On the other hand, though Naomi had been deaf, yet if she could have had sight her father might have held intercourse with her by the light of her eyes, and if she felt pain he must have seen it, and if she had found pleasure he must have known it, and what man is, and what woman is, and what the world and what the sea and what the sky would have been as an open book for her to read. But, being blind and deaf together, and, by fault of being deaf, being dumb as well, what word was to describe the desolation of her state, the blank void of her

through its tenement of flesh and blood. Neither the simplest thought nor the poorest element of an idea found any way to her mind, so dense were the walls of the prison that encompassed it. "Yes" was a mystery that could not at first be revealed to her, and "No" was a problem beyond her power to apprehend. Smiles and frowns were useless to teach her. No discipline could be addressed to her mind or heart. Except mere bodily restraint, no control could be imposed upon her. She was swayed by her impulses alone.

Israel did not despair. If he was broken down to-day he strengthened his hands for to-morrow. At length he had got so far, after a world of toil and thought, that Naomi knew when he patted her head that it was for approval, and when he touched her hand it was for assent. Then he stopped very suddenly. His hope had not drooped, and neither had his energy failed, but the conviction had fastened upon him that such effort in his case must be an offence against Heaven. Naomi was not merely an infirm creature from the left hand of Nature; she was an afflicted being from the right hand of God. She was a living monument of sin that was not her own. It was useless to go farther. The child must be left where God had placed her.

But meanwhile, if Naomi lacked the senses of the rest of the human kind, she seemed to communicate with nature by other organs than they possessed. It was as if the spiritual world itself must have taught her, and from that source alone could she have imbibed her power. To tell of all she could do to guide her steps, and to minister to her pleasures, and to cherish her affections, would be to go beyond the limit of belief. Truly it seemed as if Naomi, being blind with her bodily eyes, could yet look upon a light that no one else could see, and, being deaf with her bodily ears, could yet listen to voices that no one else could hear.

Thus, if she came skipping through the corridor of the patio, she knew when anyone approached her, for she would hold out her hands and stop. Nay; but she knew also who it would be as well as if her eyes or ears had taught her; for always, if it was her father, she reached out her hands to take his left hand in both of hers, and then she pressed it against her cheek; and always, if it was little Ali, she curved her arms to encircle his neck; and always, if it was Fatima, she leapt up to her bosom; and always, if it was Habeebah, she passed her by. Did she go with Ali into the streets, she knew the Mellah gate from the gate of the town, and the narrow lanes from the open Sök. Did she pass the lofty mosque in the market-place, she knew it from the low shops that nestled under and behind and around. Did a troop of mules and camels come near her, she knew them from a crowd of people; and did she pass where two streets crossed, she would stand and face both ways.

And as the years grew she came to know all places within and around Tetuan, the town of the Moors and the Mellah of the Jews, the Kasba and the narrow lane leading up to it, the fort on the hill and the river under the town walls, the mountains on either side of the valley, and even some of their rocky gorges. She could find her way among them all without help or guidance, and no control could anyone impose upon her to keep her out of the way of harm. While Ali was a little fellow he was her constant companion, always ready for any adventure that her unquiet heart suggested; but when he grew to be a boy, and was sent to school every day early and late, she would fare forth alone save for a tiny white goat which her father had bought to be another playfellow.

And because feeling was sight to her, and touch was hearing, and the crown of her head felt the winds of the heavens and the soles of her feet felt the grass of the fields, she loved

best to go bareheaded, whether the sun was high or the air was cool, and barefooted also, from the rising of the morning until the coming of the stars. So, casting off her slippers and the great straw hat which a Jewish maiden wears, and clad in her white muslin haik, wrapped loosely about her in folds of airy grace, and with the little goat going before her, though she saw it not, and neither heard its bleat nor the beat of its feet, she would climb the hill beyond the battery, even to the topmost peak of it, and stand on the summit, like a spirit poised in air. Nothing could she see of the green valley then stretched before her, or of the white town lying below, with its domes and minarets; but she seemed to exult in her lofty place, and to drink new life from the rush of mighty winds about her. Then, coming back to the dale, she would seem, to those who looked up at her, with fear and with awe, to leap as the goat leapt in the rocky places; and as a bird sweeps over the grass with wings outstretched, so with her arms spread out, and her long fair hair flying loose, she would seem to sweep down the hill, as though her very tiptoes did not touch it.

By what power she did these things no man could tell, except it were the power of the spiritual world itself; but the distemper of the mind, which loved such dangers, increased upon her as she grew from a child into a maid, and it found new ways of strangeness. Thus, in the spring, when the rain



And while he read, Naomi sat in silence at his feet, with his one free hand in both of her hands, clasped close against her cheek.

isolation — cut off, apart, aloof, shut in, imprisoned, enchain'd, a soul without communion with other souls: alive, and yet dead?

Thus realising Naomi's condition in the deep infirmity of her nature, Israel set himself to consider how he could reach her darkened and silent soul. And first he tried to learn what good gifts were left to her that he might foster them to her advantage and nourish them to his own great comfort and joy. Yet no gift whatever could he find in her but the one gift only whereof he had known from the beginning — the gift of touch and feeling. With this he must make her to see, or else her light should always be darkness, and with this he must make her to hear, or silence should be her speech for ever.

Then he remembered that during his years in England he had heard strange stories of how the dumb had been made to speak though they could not hear, and the blind and deaf to understand and to answer. So he sent to England for many books, written on the treatment of these children of affliction, and when they were come he pondered them closely, and was thrilled by the marvellous works they described. But when he came to practise the precepts they had given him, his spirits flagged, for the impediments were great. Time after time he tried, and failed always, to touch by so much as one shaft of light the hidden soul of the child

fell heavily, or in the winter, when the great winds were abroad, or in the summer, when the lightning lightened and the thunder thundered, her restless spirit seemed to be roused to sympathetic tumults, and if she could escape the eyes that watched her she would run and race in the tempest, and her eyes would be aglitter, and laughter would be on her lips. Then Israel himself would go forth to find her, and, having found her in the pelting storm without covering on her head or shoes on her feet, he would fetch her home by the hand, and as they passed through the streets together his forelock would be bowed and his eyes bent down.

But it was not always that Naomi made her father ashamed. More often her joyful spirit cheered him, for above all things else she was a creature of joy. A circle of joy seemed to surround her always. Her heart in its darkness was full of radiance. As she grew, her comeliness increased, though this was strange and touching in her beauty, that her face did not become older with her years, but was still the face of a child, with a child's expression of sweetness through the bloom and flush of early maidenhood. Her love of flowers increased also, and the sense of smell seemed to come to her, for she filled the house with all fragrant flowers in their season, twining them in wreaths about the white pillars of the patio, and blinding them in rings around the brown water-jars that stood in it. And with the girl's expanding nature her love of dress increased as well; but it was not a young maid's love of lovely things, but a wild passion for light, loose garments that swayed and swirled in native grace about her. Truly she was a spirit of joy and gladness. She was happy as a day in summer, and fresh as a dewy morning in spring. The ripple of her laughter was like sunshine. A flood of sunshine seemed to follow in the air wheresoever she went. And certainly for Israel, her father, she was as a sunbeam gathering sunshine into his lonely house.

Nevertheless, the sunbeam had its cloud-shapes of gloom, and if Israel in his darker hours hungered for more human company, and wished that the little playfellow of the angels which had come down to his dwelling could only be his simple human child, he sometimes had his wish, and many throbs of anguish with it. For often it happened, and especially at seasons when no winds were stirring, and blank peace and a doleful silence haunted the air, that Naomi would seem to fall into a sick longing from causes that were beyond Israel's power to fathom. Then her sweet face would sadden, and her beautiful blind eyes would fill, and her pretty laughter would echo no more through the house. And sometimes, in the dead of the night, she would rise from her bed and go through the dark corridors, for darkness and light were as one to her, until she came to Israel's room, and he would awake from his sleep to find her, like a little white vision, standing by his bedside. What she wanted there he could never know, for neither had he power to ask nor she to answer, whether she were sick or in pain, or whether in her sleep she had seen a face from the invisible world, and heard a voice that called her away, or whether her mother's arms had seemed to be about her once again and then to be torn from her afresh, and she had come to him on awakening in her trouble, not knowing what it is to dream, but thinking all evil dreams to be true fact and new sorrow. So, with a sigh, he would arise and light his lamp and lead her back to her bed, and more scalding than the tears that would be standing in Naomi's eyes would be the hot drops that would gush into his own.

Most of all when such things befell would Israel long for some miracle out of heaven to find a way to the little maiden's mind that she might ask and answer and know, yet he dared not to pray for it, for still greater than his pity for the child was his fear of the wrath of God. And out of this fear there came to him at length an awful and terrible thought: Though so severed on earth his child and he, yet before the bar of judgment they would one day be brought together, and then how should it stand with her soul?

Naomi knew nothing of God, having no way of speech with man. Would God condemn her for that, and cast her out for ever? No, no, no! God would not ask her for good works in the land of silence, and for labour in the land of night. She had no eyes to see God's beautiful world, and no ears to hear His holy word. God had created her so, and He would not destroy what He had made. Far rather would He look with love and pity on His little one, so long and sorely tried on earth, and send her at last to be a blessed saint in heaven.

Israel tried to comfort himself so, but the effort was vain. He was a Jew to the inmost fibre of his being, and he answered himself out of his own mouth that it was his own sinful wish, and not God's will, that had sent Naomi into the world as she was. Then, on the day of the great account, how should he answer to her for her soul?

Visions stood up before him of endless retribution for the soul that knew not God. These were the most awful terrors of his sleepless nights, but at length peace came to him, for he saw his path of duty. It was his duty to Naomi that he should tell her of God and reveal the word of the Lord to her! What matter if she could not hear? Though she had senses as the sands of the seashore, yet in the way of light the Lord alone could lead her. What matter though she could not see? The soul was the eye that saw God, and with bodily eyes had no man seen Him.

So every day thereafter at sunset Israel took Naomi by the hand and led her to an upper room, the same wherein her mother died, and, fetching from a cupboard of the wall the Book of the Law, he read to her of the Commandments of the Lord by Moses, and of the Prophets, and of the Kings. And while he read, Naomi sat in silence at his feet, with his one free hand in both of her hands clasped close against her cheek.

What the little maid in her darkness thought of this custom, what mystery it was to her and wherefore, only the eye that looks into darkness could see; but it was so at length that as soon as the sun had set—for she knew when the sun was gone—Naomi herself would take her father by the hand, and lead him to the upper room, and fetch the book to his knees.

And sometimes as Israel read, an evil spirit would seem to come to him, and make a mock at him, and say, "The child is deaf and hears not—go read your book in the tombs!" But he only hardened his neck and laughed proudly. And, again, sometimes the evil spirit seemed to say, "Why waste yourself in this misspent desire? The child is buried while she is still alive, and who shall roll away the stone?" But Israel only answered, "It is for the Lord to do miracles, and the Lord is mighty."

So, great in his faith, Israel read to Naomi night after night, and when his spirit was sore of many taunts in the day his voice would be hoarse, and he would read the law which says, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf nor put a stumbling-block before the blind." But when his heart was at peace his voice would be soft, and he would read of the child Samuel sanctified to the Lord in the temple, and how the Lord called him and he answered—

"And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim that he could not see: and the lamp of God went out, in the temple of the Lord, where the Ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, that the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I. And he ran into Eli and said, Here am I, for thou callest me. And he said, I call not;

lie down again. And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel rose and went to Eli and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the Word of the Lord yet revealed to him."

And, having finished his reading, Israel would close the book and sing out of the Psalms of David the psalm which says: "It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may learn thy statutes."

Thus, night after night, when the sun was gone down, did Israel read of the Law and sing of the Psalms to Naomi, his daughter, who was both blind and deaf. And though Naomi heard not, and neither did she see, yet in their silent hour together there was another in their clamber always with them—there was a third, for there was God.

(To be continued)

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

No one who is familiar with the humours of amateur theatricals should fail to see "A Pantomime Rehearsal" at Terry's Theatre. The various types of the amateur—the gifted author who can see no jokes except his own, the sprightly young lord who cannot learn the words but has a great conception of his part, the big good-natured officer of dragoons who has learnt his lines with infinite trouble and recites them with a voice like a bassoon, the leading lady who has not the least idea what anything means, the lively lady who gives imitations, the simple lady who takes everything with a child-like earnestness, and the gentleman who expected to act and finds himself on the top of a ladder painting the scenery or operating with a lime-light lantern which promptly bursts—they are all old friends with an infinite freshness of entertainment. The performance of Mr. Cecil Clay's sparkling little piece is admirable. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who, forgetful of a false nose, objects to being made to "look silly before ladies"; Mr. Brandon Thomas's



MISS EDITH CHESTER.

delightful dragoon, who dies with his opera-hat carefully laid on his chest; Mr. Elliott's gifted author, who is gradually driven frantic by his actors; and the Babes in the Wood, who are represented by Miss Edith Chester and Miss Laura Linden, in a duet with an exquisitely incoherent refrain—these make the merriest company imaginable. To hear Miss Edith Chester, as the more babe-like of the ill-fated pair, sing "Toddle, tiddle, tiddle, jum-jams," should be a new joy even to the most blasé of playgoers. Our Portrait is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, of Regent Street.

The art of advertising was probably never carried to a more picturesque point than in a pretty book before us, entitled "What Is It All About?" in which Messrs. Elliman and Sons, of Slough, tell the story of their well-known firm and its doings in an exceedingly pleasing manner through the medium of some thirty-five excellent pen-and-ink sketches.

By far the highest price, presumably, that has ever been fetched by a modern print was realised in a London auction-room on July 16, when what is technically known as a "first-state" of Méryon's etching "L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris" was knocked down to Mr. Deprez for £125. It is still well within forty years since this etching was executed; and about thirty years ago the impoverished artist who had wrought it wrote for his old friend Monsieur Wasset, with the utmost gratitude, a receipt for the sum of 1s. 3d., which M. Wasset had paid him for an impression similar to that which has now been sold for £125.

Now Publishing:
OUR SUMMER NUMBER,
CONSISTING OF
A NEW STORY BY HENRY HERMAN,
"EAGLE JOE,"
A WILD-WEST ROMANCE,
Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE,
AND

A FINELY PRINTED PICTURE IN COLOURS,
"THE TERRACE WALK,"
After the Painting by V. CORCOS.

Price ONE SHILLING: Inland Parcel Postage, Threepence.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Messrs. Longmans have now included in their cheap and admirable Silver Library what will unquestionably be the standard edition of Cardinal Newman's chief works. They are as cheap as they can well be made, and are accurately and carefully printed. A bibliography of Newman would be interesting. Though so skilful a writer, he was often inaccurate in small matters, and minute changes may be traced from edition to edition.

The jubilee of Leeds parish church was a great success as a spectacle, but the collections were much below what might have been reasonably expected. The Primate, calm, dignified, soberly eloquent, was heard with the greatest admiration, though some questioned his right to carry a crozier in the Archbishop of York's province. It is said that there is an ancient compact whereby each Primate agreed to allow his brother to use his crozier in the other's domains.

Perhaps as notable a thing as any said was a quietly dropped sentence of Archbishop Benson's. "I am not sure," said he, "that one of his [Dr. Hook's] proposals, then set aside by almost all as revolutionary, for securing religious education to all denominations, may not yet one day come quietly into operation." The scheme was this—that no religious education should be given as part of the ordinary curriculum of any school, but that clergymen and Dissenting ministers should be permitted to attend, say on Fridays, for the purpose of instructing their own children. What does Birmingham say? or, rather, what would Birmingham have said ten years ago?

Among the innumerable sympathetic references to Mr. Spurgeon none is more remarkable than that of the Rev. A. H. Stanton, at St. Alban's, Holborn. Mr. Stanton said in his sermon that no man in London had stood with such clean hands—that he was a good man, one of whom Englishmen are proud.

A City living was never better bestowed than that of St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap, on the Rev. W. Carlile, the founder of the Church Army. The resident population is only one hundred, and Mr. Carlile will continue his labours for his useful organisation.

The meetings of the International Congregational Council have been very successful. The Americans have surprised their English friends by their orthodoxy and their veneration for the "almighty dollar." Their vigour and organising power are what was looked for.

An official programme has been issued of the Church Congress to be held at Rhyl on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Oct. 6 to 9. Oct. 6 will be devoted to the president's address on "The Church Revival in Wales"; on Oct. 7 the Church's work in the poorest quarters of our cities will be discussed, and also the question how the Church may extend her work in connection with State agencies and voluntary organisations. Papers will be read by the Bishop of Bedford and the Bishop of Wakefield. On Oct. 8 the congress will be concerned with "Church Education: Its Present State and How to Improve It" and "The Divine Personality, and the bearing of Belief in the same on the Individual Life—(a) the Agnostic position, (b) the Theistic position, (c) the Christian position." The congress closes on Friday, Oct. 9, when papers will be read on "Aids to the Life of Godliness" and "The Parochial System: Its Deficiencies and How to Meet Them."

THE CHIN FRONTIER OF UPPER BURMAH.

After the conquest of Burmah, for some time our troops were too much occupied to deal with the various semi-savage tribes that inhabit the Chin Hills, and who formerly raided the Burmese valleys whenever they pleased. In 1888 an expedition, under General Faunce, was sent up to punish them, and got up to Tokhaing, among the Siyin Hills, where what is now known as Fort White was built. Four stockades were also constructed on the road up the hills, and permanent garrisons were established at all the posts. A year later another expedition was sent against the Chins in the south. This was commanded by General Symons, who devoted his attention chiefly to the Hakkas and Tashons, but the Chins submitted without striking a blow. During the present year the whole region of the Chin Hills has been traversed by troops. In the south, three columns, from Gungaw and Haka, have visited most of the villages. The Thettas, who had been the most troublesome of all, have now submitted. In the north, Captain Rundall has gone out with flying columns against the Tashons and Kanhows. The latter were taught a sharp lesson at Taungzang, their capital, and two of the head chiefs were made prisoners. The Chin tribes are now quiet, but we never know what these wild people may do. The only way to settle the matter satisfactorily would be to annex the Chin Hills, and bring them regularly under British rule. This must come in the end. There are at present two routes into the Chin Hills from Burmah. The first is from Pokoko, on the Irrawaddy, crossing the hills into the Myeththa valley up to Kaw, where the road strikes off west to Haka. During General Faunce's expedition we published some illustrations of this part of the country. The other route is up the Chindwin River to Kalewa, from which place a fairly good road has been made to Kalemyo. The first half of this road has been cut out of the precipitous hills skirting the Myeththa River; the other half is over paddy and swampy country. From Kalemyo to Fort White there is a very good mule track. The garrisons on the northern Chin Hills are made up of the 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas, with some Gurkhas, the 1st Madras Pioneers (for road-making), the 12th Burmah Regiment, and some Madras Sappers and Miners. In the southern Chin Hills there are detachments of similar composition.

Our illustrations of various scenes and phases of life on the Chin frontier are from photographs by Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff.

AN INDIAN HAWKER.

The itinerant trader, pedlar, or hawker, in most towns and districts of India pursues his vocation with much activity and shrewdness. He carries a pack of wares similar to those displayed in the bazaars, demanding whatever prices he thinks a present customer is likely to pay for them, and he is clever in detecting any symptom of liking or desire. Ornaments, such as necklaces, bracelets, or bangles, shawls, silks, muslins, and lace, salvers and vases of artistic metal-work, carved wooden or ivory boxes, and a hundred other elegant articles will be offered for sale, not only to natives of the richer class, but to Englishmen supposed to be willing to spend their spare rupees on gifts for their friends at home. The abode of two gentlemen who are content, apparently, to beguile a sultry hour of indoor retirement by inspecting such commodities, with the hawker admitted to their presence, is the scene depicted by our Artist. They may find something to admire, possibly something to buy.



TROOPS CROSSING A RIVER ON THE CHIN FRONTIER.



AN INDIAN HAWKER.



MARKET GARDENERS, FIN DE SIÈCLE.

All ye who long for summer days, to see
Once more the sunshine flooding all the lea
(On silent meadows and on prattling streams,
Impartial, king-like, shedding golden gleams),
Know ye, his rays shall light a novel scene,
For dames and maids shall dot the dewy green,

Shall bend, caressing, o'er the fertile soil,
And draw both health and wealth from rustic toil.
The fruits and flowers they tend shall deck the board,
Against drear winter shall be treasure stored;
While laden baskets daily find a sale,
And teeming towns with joy the produce hail.

LITERATURE.

THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

In making Boston the second American city in their "Historic Towns" series,* Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hunt have shown as much discrimination as when they selected New York for the first, though Bostonians probably would think the "Hub of the Universe" should not have been outranked, even by London. As far as name goes, their choice of historian has been equally happy. Henry Cabot Lodge is as essentially a product of Boston as is Theodore Roosevelt of New York. As he himself records, with pardonable pride, the Cabots were the first adventurers, after the Norsemen, to run down the New England coast, "glancing, perhaps, into the harbour, and laying the foundation of the title to the largest territory ever conquered and held by the English-speaking race," while, after the Revolution, Cabots were among the county families who came up to Boston to replace the aristocracy which had retreated with Lord Howe upon the coming of Washington. Lodge may not have quite the same historical value, but who that has been to Boston does not know the name? One might as well plead guilty to never having heard of the Biddles in Philadelphia or of the Medicis in Florence. But Mr. Lodge's other qualifications for his task are not so obvious. Indeed, he seems to have misunderstood the nature and scope of the work entrusted to him. He has written the history of Massachusetts rather than of Boston. The town figures largely in his pages, of course: as capital, it would naturally hold a prominent place in the State records. But it is really not until the tenth chapter, a chapter which originally appeared in a "Memorial History of Boston," that he reaches his subject; and here, as in the eleventh and last chapters, he is continually straying from it. Not to be able to remain in his town, not to be preoccupied with its fortunes, is the last fault for which one would have expected to reproach a Bostonian.

Nor has Mr. Lodge succeeded in explaining the social and other factors in the development of the little Puritan colony into the Boston of to-day. Something more than the mere statement of facts is expected now from the historian, and this something more he fails to give. Upon the great race question, of such paramount interest in every American town, he just touches in his last chapter. Of the intellectual growth of the modern Athens he has next to nothing to say, though here and there a chance reference proves that the germs of intellect and "yearniness" existed in the Bostonian, especially the female Bostonian, from the earliest days. Was not Mrs. Hutchinson, in the colony's young years, turned out of the State for drawing about her the principal women of Boston to discuss their ministers' sermons? And even before the Revolution were not lectures given six nights out of the seven all the year round? Even in recording facts Mr. Lodge leaves much to be asked for. Dates on every page, or at least at the head of every chapter, would be a great help to the reader, whose knowledge of certain important incidents in the history of New England Mr. Lodge should not be so ready to take for granted. He might also have avoided telling us three times in three pages that Boston is two-hundred-and-fifty years old. Similar repetitions occur here and there throughout the volume. However, to anyone in search of an interesting sketch of the history of Massachusetts Mr. Lodge's volume can be recommended. It is very readable, and seems accurate and reliable.

GUIDES TO BOOKS.

A Guide-Book to Books. Edited by E. B. Sargent and Bernard Whishaw. (London: Henry Frowde.)—*A Guide to the Choice of Books for Students and General Readers.* Edited by A. H. D. Acland, M.P. (London: Edward Stanford.)—Here are two books which should be of great interest to all readers of English literature. They have been issued almost simultaneously, and both are most inadequate for the great purpose in view. The omissions are remarkable, and the inaccuracies with regard to prices and publishers' names are hardly credible. The first-named book is the greater sinner of the two, as the titles of the books are accompanied by unimportant or puerile comment, and the space would have been occupied to a better purpose if Messrs. Sargent and Whishaw had devoted their attention to giving the complete list of an author's works instead of a mere selection. In Mr. Acland's book he contents himself by giving the list of two or three books by a celebrated writer and irritating the reader by adding "and others." The and others which he dismisses so summarily are really what the reader is in search of. On referring to the list of novels in Mr. Sargent's volume, the reader is calmly informed that the list is incomplete, and that if he wishes to obtain more information he will be good enough to refer to Messrs. Mudie's List, or "Messrs. Douglas and Foulis (Edinburgh) will give all the information that can be desired." As a sample of inaccuracy, we turn to "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," which is stated on page 246 to be published by Quaritch at 10s. This book has been issued by Macmillan at 10s. 6d. for the past two years, and the price is quite dear enough at 10s. 6d., without placing an additional obstacle in the way of the purchaser desiring to possess a copy.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S NEW HIGHLAND STORY.

Donald Ross of Heimra. By William Black. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The best service that the novelists, besides amusing us, can do to society is to make us think gently of mankind. Mr. Black does this; he is not omniscient, but he knows much of that sweet thing in human nature, the heart of a good young woman; of the moods and manners of a well-bred English young lady; and something more than most Englishmen know of the disposition of West Scottish Highlanders. Yachting in the Hebridean sea, the aspects of coast and moorland, the haunts of salmon, grouse, and deer, can more easily be described, after a few autumnal holidays in that region, by any writer of competent literary skill. In his latest novel, "Donald Ross of Heimra," this always entertaining author has given us a work of perfect artistic unity of interest—which could not be said of all his other novels—and a consistent, probably a truthful, picture of the condition of that class of peasantry, the Highland "crofters," whose agrarian grievances have recently been discussed. One cannot avoid thinking of a larger and not very dissimilar rustic population, in the Irish western counties of Galway, Mayo, and Donegal, the reality of whose frequent distress has never been doubted. The true causes of permanent depression are the same: a poor, rocky or boggy or barren moorland soil, a climate precarious for husbandry, a sea often dangerous to fishermen, and, in some degree, the vein of despairing indolence which is apt to hinder thrifty industry among a purely Celtic race. Those poor people have noble virtues in their domestic life, but they lack self-relying and self-helping energy; they were accustomed in past ages to the leadership of hereditary chieftains, the ancient landlords, who failed to study the economic and social needs of the changing times; they have not

yet been reconciled to the new proprietors, usually English, whose plans of improvement they are unable to comprehend. This state of affairs at Lochgarra, a seaside village with a mansion and large estate belonging to Miss Mary Stanley, the brave and generous heroine, who comes as a stranger to the Highlands of West Ross-shire, forms the background to a group of strong personalities brought into necessary mutual relations, which finally develop the happiest result, the victory of good over evil—of fidelity, constancy, and charity over prejudice, pride, and distrust. For young Donald Ross, the son of a ruined spendthrift landlord, stripped of his ancestral estate, dwelling in sad seclusion on his sole remaining property, the rocky islet of Heimra, is a gentleman—though he secretly smuggles brandy—no poacher or trespasser, no libertine, no factious agitator of the peasantry, who adore and obey him, when he recognises the genuine benevolence of Miss Stanley's intentions. How chivalrously, without presumption or ostentation, he quietly takes her side, forgiving the cruel insults he has endured from some of her family, corrects her mistakes, protects her against disturbance, and is slowly drawn into a friendship that kindles to ardent love, the author has forcibly and gracefully told. We must pronounce this one of the very best of Mr. Black's works; and his best is very good indeed.

TRAGEDY IN HIGBURY PLACE.

The Alderman's Children. By James Brinsley Richards. Three vols. (Bentley).—The chief merit and attraction of this cleverly constructed story will be found in the distinct and very natural characters of three young persons, the son and two daughters of a City tea-merchant—a dry, dull, priggish business man—who makes himself and his family unhappy by not knowing how to use an accumulated million of money. Neither the worthy alderman, with ideas strictly confined to the counting-house, and with Puritanical gloomy sentiments, nor his grown-up children—namely, Charles Harrowell and his sisters Ann and Lucy—are qualified safely to enjoy their belated entrance into the gaieties and social rivalries of the giddy fashionable world. Their respectable old home in High-



THE RIGHT HON. SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, G.C.B.
BUST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

bury Place, which the father refuses to quit, becomes an abode of disaffection and the scene of a frightful tragedy. His mind disturbed by unreasonable wrath at venial instances of disobedience, the poor rich alderman is discovered one day in a closet of his bed-room, dead with a cut throat. Suicide is the verdict; the sorrowing, affectionate, not really undutiful young people, dividing an inheritance of great wealth, agree to let each other freely pursue the objects of individual choice. Ann, the wisest of the three, is engaged to Hugh Armstrong, a brave fellow earning success as a London journalist; Lucy, a zealous Churchwoman, seeks to endow the curate, the Rev. Tobins Ramshart, with matrimonial felicity and the disposal of her income for pious and charitable works. But Charles, already ensnared by a cunning financial intriguer, one Chauncy Travers, who led him to anger his father by post-obit borrowing for the payment of small losses at cards and on the Stock Exchange, has got into a perilous entanglement. He is in love with the innocent sister of Travers, introduced to him as the Baroness de la Neva—this deception seems not quite innocent—who is really Mrs. Snow, keeping a stationer's shop and post-office at Finsbury Park. Supposed to be a widow, she has a husband, Albert Snow, formerly a medical man, a convict, suffering a life-sentence of penal servitude at Portland for murdering her father, the profligate old drunkard Captain Travers, for an insurance of £4000. Albert Snow was not really guilty, but circumstantial evidence went against him; the secret is known to a perjured policeman, who confesses at length on his death-bed. In the meantime, Chauncy Travers, scheming to marry his lovely sister to rich Charlie Harrowell, has forged official letters from the Portland convict establishment, to make her believe that she is a widow. Charlie, through Mr. Ramshart's acquaintance, as temporary chaplain at Portland, with the case of Albert Snow, has learnt the truth about Mabel Snow, easily accepts some explanation of her false foreign title, and is still resolved to make her his wife. The story is so far not outrageously conceived; but acts of improbable violence are revealed in the sequel. Travers is the worst villain in the world; yet, having won the confidence of Charlie, and wanting, of course, to put Charlie in possession of the Alderman's vast wealth, he would scarcely have done so clumsily as to sneak into the house and slay the old man in his bed-room. There is too much of the amateur detective element in Hugh Armstrong's investigations of this crime.

* *Historic Towns.* Boston. By Henry Cabot Lodge. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

LITERARY Gossip.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's next volume of short stories—to be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan—will be entitled "Life's Handicap." Mr. Kipling, by the way, has returned from the flying visit to America which was announced in this Journal, looking the very picture of health—a forcible contradiction, in fact, of a recent canard.

There is no truth in the rumour that the English Goethe Society has come to an untimely end. On the contrary, it has taken to itself a new secretary, in the person of Dr. Eugene Oswald, and is holding meetings not less interesting than those which followed Professor Max Müller's "send-off" a few years ago. English students of Goethe may find many matters of interest in the annual volume of transactions of the Society, and it may do a still further service by translating the forthcoming catalogue of Goethe relics, which is now in course of preparation for the Weimar Goethe Museum.

The dinner given at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, by the Incorporated Society of Authors in celebration of the passing of the American International Copyright Act was a brilliant literary function, yet somewhat dull withal. To the toast of "Our Guests," proposed by the chairman (Lord Monkswell), Mr. Lincoln, the American Minister, replied, and Mr. Brander Mathews and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner also spoke. Lord Tennyson, who is the president of the Society, sent a letter of excuse for non-attendance, and a message to the effect that "In the name of the United Kingdom our Society congratulates the United States of America on their great act of justice." Among those present was Professor Huxley, tempted for once out of his retreat, and conspicuous were Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Besant, Mr. William Black, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Bret Harte, Dr. Garnett, and Mr. George Moore.

It will be a matter of interest to many of Mr. George Meredith's admirers to see the name of his only son in the papers in connection with the electric lighting of Irish towns, a task now being undertaken by Messrs. J. E. H. Gordon and Co. Mr. William Maxse Meredith, although only about twenty-three years of age, is engineer-in-charge, and the work is being carried on entirely by local labour. Mr. Meredith bids fair to enjoy a career as an electrical engineer not less honourable than his father has attained as a man of letters.

When a distinguished man enriches a national institution with sculptures, it seems but reasonable that he should be repaid in kind. This feeling has, on two recent occasions, prompted public subscriptions for busts of illustrious archaeologists, not merely authorities in their science, but who have enlarged its limits by their own discoveries. Sir Henry Layard's bust, executed by subscription for presentation to the British Museum, does not, like Sir Charles Newton in the Mausoleum Room, keep guard in effigy over the treasures brought to light by his personal exertions, but courts the public view at the foot of the great staircase. All will rejoice at the honour so fitly paid to one whose discoveries claim so large a portion both of the exhibition space of the Museum and of its history.

A curious roman à clef, "Le Roi Stanko," has just been published in Paris by Charpentier. It deals with the Milan-Natalie ménage, and gives a strangely accurate picture of the Servian Court, looked at through the impulsive Queen's glasses. Stanko is King Milan, Xenia the Queen, and Dimitri the little King. But another novel of the same description, and likely to produce a far greater sensation abroad, is announced to be in course of preparation. A number of bonâ-fide letters of the late Prince Jérôme will appear in it. Apropos of a real correspondence being used for the purpose of "copy," it has often been asserted that Balzac utilised in several of his studies of Parisian life *billetts-doux* which had, in one way or another, come into his possession.

M. Elmond de Goncourt has just published a curious study of the life and work of the Japanese artist Outamaro. In the veritable Palace of Art that the two brothers de Goncourt have created at Auteuil many rare examples of this Japanese painter's quaint designs are to be found, for, with the exception, perhaps, of Baron Hirsch's, no such collection of curios from the far East is to be found in Europe. M. de Goncourt is now engaged in writing a play.

Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature," full of faults though it be, is indispensable to every bibliographer; and I learn with pleasure that Mr. John Foster Kirk has completed the gigantic task he undertook years ago of bringing it up to the present day. There are in the two supplementary volumes no fewer than 37,000 authors' titles. If every living author mentioned buys the work, Mr. Kirk and his publishers will have no reason to complain.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Criticism and Fiction," by W. D. Howells (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.); "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories," by Oscar Wilde (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.); "Vanity Fair," 2 vols., by W. M. Thackeray (W. H. White and Co.); "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë—*The Manchester Library* (W. H. White and Co.); "Annual Report of the Proceedings of the London County Council for the Year ending March 31, 1891" (J. Truscott and Son); "Practical Horsemanship," by W. A. Kerr (G. Bell and Son); Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens," translated for English Readers and Students by Thomas J. Dymes (Seeley and Co.); "The Heraldic Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1891," Catalogue compiled by J. Grant (T. and A. Constable); "Notes on Men, Women, and Books," by Lady Wilde (Ward and Downey); "Ten Years among the Savages of New Guinea," by W. D. Pitcairn (Ward and Downey); "The British Bookmaker," a Journal for the Book Printer, Bookbinder, &c., Vol. IV. (Raithby, Lawrence, and Co.); "Four Welsh Counties—Brecknock, Carnarvon, Merioneth, and Pembrokeshire," a Holiday Book, by E. A. Kilner (Sampson Low); "Three Months' Tour in Ireland," by Madame de Bovet, translated by Mrs. Arthur Walter (Chapman and Hall); "Bear-Hunting in the White Mountains," by H. W. Seton-Karr (Chapman and Hall), "Drinks à la Mode," by Mrs. de Salis (Longmans); "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," by Mrs. Alexander Ireland (Chatto and Windus); "Colloquial French for Travellers," by H. Swan (David Nutt); "Lapsus Calami," by J. K. S., new edition (Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge).

JOCULAR JOURNALISM.—I.

BY MASON JACKSON.

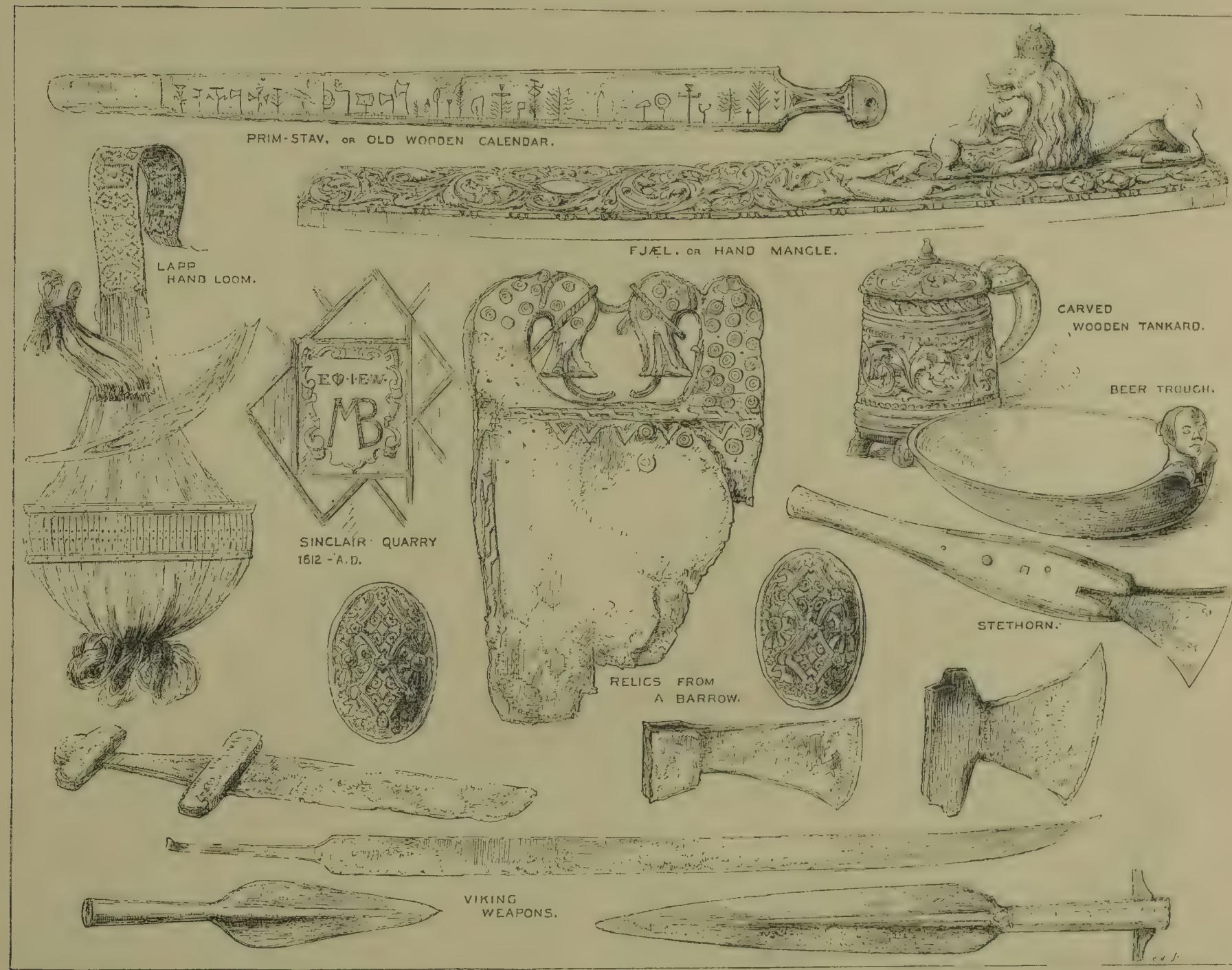
The jubilee of *Punch* marks an epoch in the history of the periodical press. There is no other instance of a humorous journal living so long, and presenting at once the wisdom and dignity of age with the vigour and vivacity of youth. Mr. *Punch*'s hundred volumes prove that in this world of trouble and sorrow there is an undying love of laughter among the sons of Adam.

The cheerful state of mind recommended by the ancient philosopher as the one thing to be sought after has been diligently cultivated by the periodical press of the Victorian era. London teems with comic and satirical papers, all of which, from *Punch* to *Ally Sloper*, are devoted to the making of mirth. The provinces have been equally active in the production of humorous periodical literature, most of the larger towns having produced one or more comic papers. Among many others I may name *Toby the Yorkshire Tyke* and *Yorick*, both belonging to Leeds, the *Yorkshireman* of Bradford, the *Sheffield Blade*, the *Birmingham Town Crier*, and the *Northumbrian* of Newcastle. Even the Isle of Man is not behind its big brothers on the mainland, and the little town of

comic and satirical papers came into existence in London in one year: *Figaro in London*, Dec. 10, 1831; *Punchinello*, Jan. 20, 1832; *The Devil in London*, Feb. 29, 1832; *The Schoolmaster at Home*, June 9, 1832; *T. Dibdin's Penny Trumpet*, Oct. 20, 1832; and *The Whig Dresser*, Jan. 5, 1833. This curiously illustrates the influence of political excitement on the periodical press, and shows how the journalistic atmosphere was affected by the political storm that was then passing over the country. Each of these comic papers was sold for a penny, and, considering the restrictive imposts under which they were produced, they were creditable to the enterprise of the period. Some of them had a very short existence. The one that lived longest was *Figaro in London*, who survived until the eve of the birth of *Punch*, to whom his mantle was conveyed by Gilbert à Beckett and Henry Mayhew, both of whom had edited *Figaro*, and they both belonged to the band that started *Punch*.

Human ingenuity has been exercised from time immemorial in promoting mirthful excitement. Caricature and burlesque, both provocative of laughter, were known in the earliest ages. Caricature was the first form of art, and burlesque was a prominent feature of the ancient drama. Comic writers made mirth for "Society" in Athens and Rome, while the common-

have "joked wi' deeficulity." Coincident with his disappearance, the printing-press gave birth to numberless satirical tracts and pamphlets. The jester was transformed into a sheet of paper—obviously it should have been foolscap—on which were impressed the lively thoughts and witty conceits which were formerly delivered orally. Though these tracts were brought forth in the bitterness of party strife, they were not devoted exclusively to the castigation of their opponents. Their political animosity was tempered by a vein of humour, and while they showed no mercy to their enemies, they endeavoured to excite mirth among their friends. Some of the "Mercuries" of the seventeenth century, though extremely coarse according to modern ideas, were, no doubt, thought highly amusing in the days when they flourished. The bitter invective which often did duty for wit was commonly clothed in language which would now be considered offensively vulgar. Such epithets as fool, knave, liar, and traitor were freely flung at the head of each faction by its opponents. The two rival editors so humorously described by Dickens must have had many prototypes among the journalists of the Civil War. Their hatred was doubtless as bitter as that which inspired the thunders of the *Eatanswill Gazette* and the *Eatanswill Independent*.



SPECIMENS FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION, AT THE ROYAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Douglas has sent forth the *Manx Punch*. Paris has numerous comic and satirical journals, some of which have coloured pictures; and the comic press of America is headed by the New York *Puck*, with its excellent coloured cartoons. Wherever civilisation has set up the printing-press and men are gathered together in large numbers, the jocular journalist has made his appearance as a necessary adjunct of the periodical press, and has assumed the functions of the ancient jester. He is not unknown even in the land of the Pharaohs, where he appeared a few years ago in the form of a satirical newspaper under the name of *Abou Naddara* (the man with the blue spectacles). But the Egyptian authorities saw no fun in *Abou Naddara*, and banished him from Cairo, whence he took flight to Paris, where he continued to be printed in Arabic and French, and circulated secretly in Egypt.

This wonderful growth and development of jocular journalism has been favoured in England by the removal of imposts, which formerly interfered with the production of newspapers, by the cheapness of paper, and by the invention of various inexpensive substitutes for engraving; for the jocular journalist is usually accompanied by the graphic humourist. Such a display as we now see at the railway bookstalls would have been impossible in the old days, when the Government imposed "taxes on knowledge," in the shape of stamp and paper duties. But even in those days efforts were made to meet the popular taste for humorous literature. During the great Reform agitation in 1831-2, no less than six

ality roared over the grotesque drolleries of the *minus* or buffoon. Even the barbarians who swept before them the civilisation of the ancient world, in the midst of the war and rapine that surrounded them, loved to make merry over the coarse buffoonery of professional jesters, and the ancient *minus* survived through the Dark Ages, and came forth as the Anglo-Saxon jongleur and gleeman. The art of creating amusement and exciting laughter became a distinct profession, and the jester was a regular member of the households of kings and nobles. When the art of printing was discovered, a new world was opened, and the professional jester vanished to reappear as the jocular journalist.

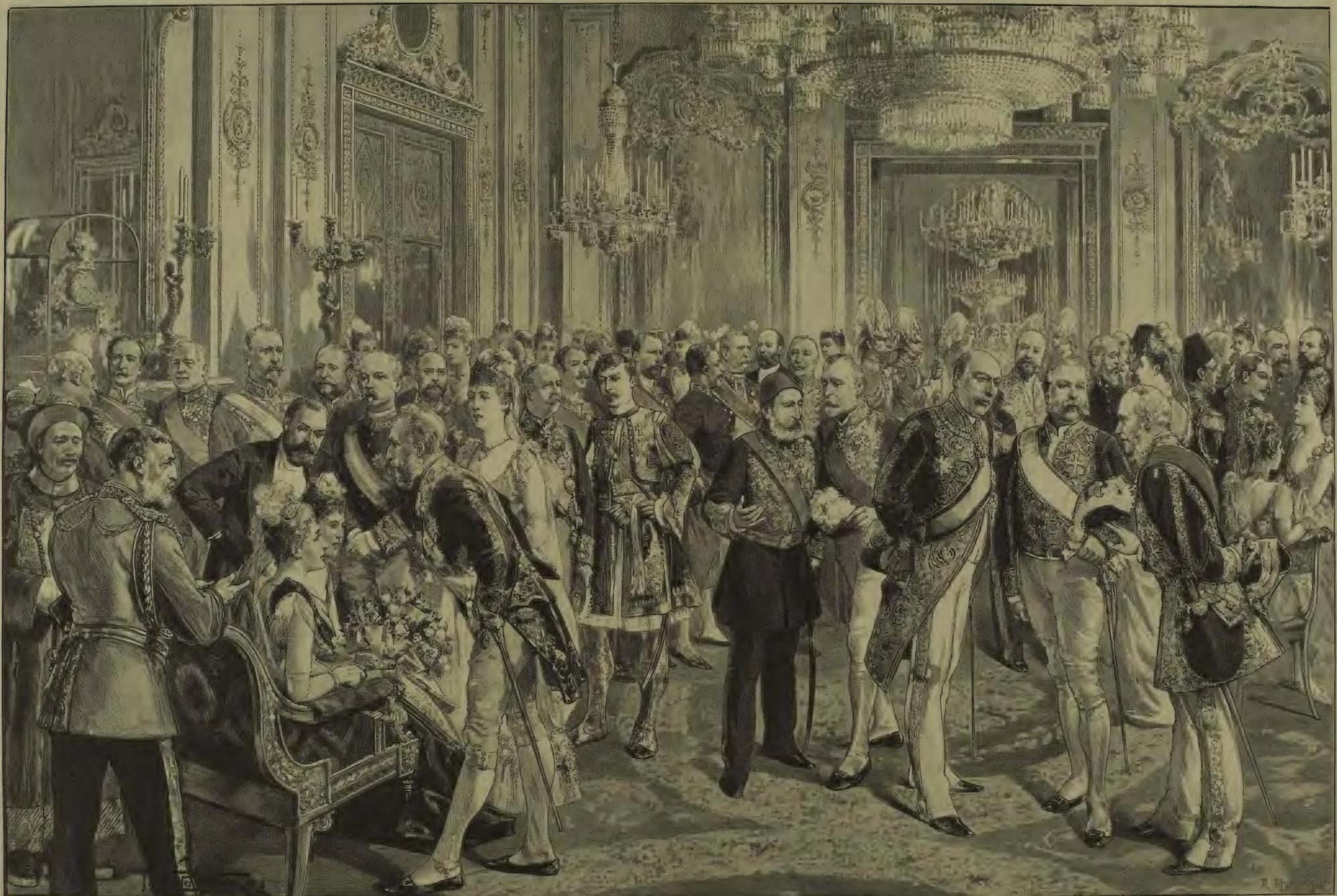
In the modern comic and satirical press are combined all the qualities that distinguished the ancient jester without his grossness. We find the same happy mixture of mirth and morality—of wit and wisdom—of jest and earnest. And just as it was the function of the jester to reprove the faults of his patron, so Mr. *Punch* is the unceasing corrector of abuses and the scourge of evildoers. The printing-press has revived and developed both the jester and the minstrel of mediæval times, and the best qualities of both are sometimes combined in one individual. No *Yorick* or *Touchstone* of ancient days surpassed Tom Hood as a maker of jests, and no minstrel ever sang a more affecting lay than the "Song of the Shirt," which was first published in *Punch*.

The last Court jester in England was maintained by Charles I., towards the end of whose reign the jester must

THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION.

"The Viking Age," M. Duchaillu's comprehensive and methodical account of Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish antiquities, which was reviewed at the time of its publication, contains accurate descriptions and illustrations of an immense number of relics of the ancient Scandinavian race, preserved in the national collections and museums at Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, and other cities. Mr. Alfred Heneage Cocks has lent, for exhibition at the Royal Archaeological Institute, Oxford Mansion, London, his interesting private collection of about two hundred objects procured by him in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and Iceland, a few specimens of which are represented in our Engraving. Their range is various and extensive, from the contents of the primitive kitchen-middens, "kjøkken-mødding," and flint implements or weapons, through the age of bronze and early iron manufactures, and through historical periods including the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which latter have yielded many articles belonging to household life—furniture, tapestry, counterpanes and cushions from Thelemarken, utensils, and ornaments—exemplifying the domestic habits of the people. This exhibition is worth a visit.

At Rettford Junction, a few nights ago, an immense swarm of bees settled in the lamp-case on a signal. As the lamp could not be placed in position without considerable danger, the signal was abandoned all night, and fog signals were substituted.



A RECEPTION OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

SEE KEY ON NEXT PAGE

THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

Our Illustration represents a gathering of the members of the Corps Diplomatique at the Court of St. James's. Although diplomatic receptions are not so frequent in this country as they are on the Continent, they are nevertheless attended with all the pomp and splendour which the most exacting stickler for etiquette could possibly wish for, and to the privileged few who are permitted to be present afford a brilliant and interesting spectacle. The gorgeous costumes of the Ambassadors and Ministers, their decorations and medals, the broad ribbons of their various orders, their gold-laced hats and embroidered coats, make them imposing figures enough, and are a welcome improvement on the ordinary swallow-tail coat to be seen in drawing-rooms. Far from detracting from the effect of the dresses of the ladies, they are more in harmony with them than the sable-hued garments adopted by men of the present time. To the diplomatic uniforms are to be added the more martial costumes of the military and naval attachés, giving an opportunity for a comparative study of the military dresses of the various nations.

Whenever a reception of this kind takes place, the diplomats are introduced according to the rule of precedence, the Ambassadors leading the way; they are followed by the Ministers, and they, in turn, are followed by the Chargés d'Affaires. The senior member of each category heads the particular section of the Corps Diplomatique to which he belongs, and the others follow according to the date of their appointment. The senior Ambassador takes the title of *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique, and has to discharge functions

Laiglesia are great favourites in London society, especially the last-mentioned diplomat, who some years ago held the post of Spanish Minister when Spain had only a legation in London.

Of Ministers, Mr. R. T. Lincoln, the United States Envoy, is the most conspicuous, on account of the black coat which he wears, instead of the diplomatic uniform adopted by the representatives of less democratic States. The *doyen* of the Ministers is Count de Bylandt (Netherlands), who has resided in this country about fifteen years; and after him comes the Belgian Minister, Baron Solvyns, whose literary tastes are well known, and whose delight it is to quote French authors. Two other Ministers both well known and most popular are the Greek Minister, M. J. Gennadius, who has probably the finest library relating to the history of Greece, and M. de Soveral, the Portuguese Envoy, who so successfully negotiated the recent Anglo-Portuguese Convention. M. de Bille, M. Akerman, and M. de Souza Correa, the Danish, Swedish, and Brazilian Ministers respectively, are the most recently accredited; as also Sieh Ta-Jén, the Chinese Minister, and Mirza Mahomed Ali Khan, the representative of the Shah, who succeeded Malcom Khan.

We must also mention among the foreign diplomats whose faces are most familiar in society circles, MM. Dominguez (Argentine), de Plagino (Roumania), Gromitch (Servia), Phra Dithakar (Siam), and the Hawaiian Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Hoffnung.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"Otello" ought by rights to have been added to the repertory of the above establishment during the third week in June. An unlucky circumstance caused a postponement of a few

preference for the latter. He may not be able to deliver his outbursts of rage, jealousy, and despair with those phenomenal ringing tones which Tamagno so freely commands; but, on the other hand, M. de Reszke realises with far greater consistency and completeness the dual aspect of the character as drawn alike by Shakespeare and Verdi's librettist. He emphasises the gentle, loving nature of the Moor as strongly as the ferocity and brutality of the moments when he is a prey to the "green-eyed monster"; and moreover he depicts the transition from one phase to the other with infinitely more subtlety and *finesse*. The beautiful music of the duet in the first act is sung by M. Jean de Reszke and Madame Albani with a measure of charm and a delicacy of phrasing that it has never received from other lips; while anything more touching and powerful than the treatment of the final tragic episode by these two artists it would be impossible to imagine. The remainder of the cast, if not particularly excellent, is efficient enough to ensure a reliable *ensemble*. Mdlle. Passama is a capital Emilia, Signor Guetary sings Cassio's music with good taste, and Signor Abramoff makes a first-rate Lodovico. The band and chorus have not been heard to greater advantage this season, and Signor Mancinelli deserves unqualified praise for the zeal and ability displayed by him in the preparation and direction of this extremely difficult opera. The *mise en scène*, virtually a replica of that at La Scala, is simply beyond reproach.

Another feature of the penultimate week of the season was a revival of Verdi's "Aida," with Madame Nordica in the titular character. The fair prima donna achieved a success which was specially gratifying, inasmuch as her services had not previously been in request at Covent Garden this year. The production of "Otello" was to have been followed by that of Mr. Isidore de Lara's new sacred legend "The Light of



AMBASSADORS.

- I. M. Waddington, France.
- II. M. de Staal, Russia.
- III. Count Hatzfeldt, Germany.
- IV. Rustem Pasha, Turkey.
- V. Count Deym, Austria.
- VI. Count Tornielli, Italy.
- VII. Marquis de Casa Laiglesia, Spain.

MINISTERS.

1. Count de Bylandt, Netherlands.
2. Baron Solvyns, Belgium.
3. M. de Plagino, Roumania.
4. M. Luis L. Dominguez, Argentine Republic.
5. M. Crisanto Medina, Guatemala.
6. M. Gromitch, Servia.
7. M. Felipe Angulo, Colombia.
8. M. Carlos Antúnez, Chile.
9. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, United States.
10. Mirza Mahomed Ali Khan, Persia.

KEY TO "RECEPTION OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S."

which are often of a delicate nature, requiring great tact and firmness.

The present *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique is M. W. H. Waddington, the French Ambassador, who was accredited to the Court of St. James's exactly eight years ago (July 18, 1883), and succeeded in that capacity Count Karolyi, the former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. Before Count Karolyi, the post of *doyen* had been occupied for nearly thirty years by Musurus Pasha, one of the best-known figures in London society for upwards of thirty-five years. It may be here mentioned that since 1815 no French Ambassador in London has remained at the head of the French Embassy for more than four years, and that M. Waddington, to use a sporting term, has beaten the record.

It is through the *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique that certain official notifications relating to matters of Court etiquette are made known to the representatives of foreign Powers by her Majesty's Master of Ceremonies, Major-General Sir Christopher Teesdale. For instance, when, during the Emperor's stay in London, the German Ambassador received the diplomats, the necessary intimation as to the time, place, costume to be worn on the occasion, &c., was conveyed by M. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador, upon whom, during the unavoidable absence of M. Waddington, devolved the duties of *doyen*.

There is no more popular member of the Corps Diplomatique than M. de Staal, one of the most affable as he is one of the wittiest of men, and at all receptions, official or private, there is no one in London society who is more sought after, for, as a *causeur*, he stands without a rival. He is, it must be admitted, closely followed by the German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, who also enjoys the reputation of being exceedingly *spirituel*. Neither Count Hatzfeldt, nor M. de Staal, nor M. Waddington is so fond of society as Rustem Pasha, the Sultan's Ambassador, whose red fez is conspicuous in all social gatherings. The Austrian Ambassador and Countess Deym, the Italian Ambassador and Countess Tornielli, and the Marquis de Casa

days; then came M. Jean de Reszke's illness, and, instead of running through quite a third of the season, Verdi's opera was produced so late that only four performances in all will be practicable this summer. The management has suffered materially, of course, but, to make bad worse, there seems to have been a diminution of interest in the event itself, strangely in contrast with the excitement which attended the production of "Otello" at the Lyceum two years ago; while all sorts of unkind rumours with regard to the famous Polish tenor have been circulated with the utmost freedom. It will be best, however, to pay no attention to these matters. Enough that the initial performance of Verdi's "Otello" at Covent Garden on Wednesday, July 15, was associated with a distinct artistic triumph for everybody concerned, and not least of all for the distinguished singer who filled the title-role.

The new cast, so far, at any rate, as the three principal characters are concerned, is decidedly the strongest that has yet appeared in this very remarkable work. In M. Maurel it includes the original Iago—an embodiment of rare originality and force, not free from the blemish of exaggeration, but still a wonderful combination of vocal and histrionic art and powerful characterisation. In Madame Albani is forthcoming, if not an absolutely ideal Desdemona, assuredly a far more satisfactory representative of the same heroine than Signora Cataneo, who played the part at the Lyceum, or Signora Pantaleoni, who created it at La Scala in 1887. Madame Albani at least throws a vein of Shakespearean sentiment into her conception, and emphasises the womanly charm and tender, trustful nature of the character. The music, too, suits her emotional style to perfection: nothing could be more touching than the infinite sadness which the gifted artist imparts to the "Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria," sung by Desdemona in the bed-chamber scene. It would be idle to deny that opinions differ as to the comparative merits of the two Otellos, Signor Tamagno and M. Jean de Reszke. For our own part, we have no hesitation in expressing a

MINISTER RESIDENT.

17. M. Latorue, Hayti.
18. Mr. A. Hoffnung, Hawaiian Islands.
19. Dr. Alberto Nin, Uruguay.
20. Don Pablo Martinez del Campo, Mexico.

CHARGÉS D'AFFAIRES.

21. Phra Dithakar, Siam.
22. M. F. Yovitch, Servia.

HER MAJESTY'S MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

23. Major-General Sir Christopher Teesdale, K.C.M.G., C.B., V.C.

"Asia," as adapted by Signor Mazzucato for the Italian operatic stage. At the last moment, however, the work has had to be abandoned, owing to lack of time for adequate rehearsal.

A Geographical Exhibition and Congress will open at Berne at the beginning of August, and several well-known British scientists will take part in it. Messrs. R. N. Cust, E. Delmar-Morgan, and J. S. Keltie have been deputed thither as delegates by the Royal Geographical Society; and Colonel T. H. Holdich, R.E., and Mr. H. F. Blanford, late Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India, will represent the Indian Government. Colonel Holdich was the senior survey officer in Afghanistan during the labours of the Russo-English Boundary Commission, and his knowledge of the rugged regions surrounding the frontier of India is probably unrivalled. The congress will be followed by the seventh centenary festival of the foundation of Berne, which comprises a grand historical representation and an historical procession, in which more than a thousand performers will take part.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company for Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races, including the running of special trains, for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 28, are now completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the stations at Drayton and Chichester and Goodwood Park. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on July 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31, and Aug. 1, for the sale of tickets to Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Brighton, &c., at the same fares as charged at the stations.

A COUNTRY COUSIN IN LONDON.

IV.—LONDON CHILDREN.

In the incomparably beautiful and picturesque county of Norfolk there is a high road running almost as straight as a line from Megalopolis to Swaffham Market. The distance is just thirty miles, the average width of the road is about equal to that of Oxford Street. The road passes through fourteen parishes.

The population of these parishes—excluding the two towns at either extremity—may be roughly estimated at between nine and ten thousand. Along its whole extent there are only two pieces of common-land that, on the most liberal interpretation, can be called places of recreation; not a seat on which a weary wayfarer can rest himself for an hour; not a spot on which he may lawfully sprawl except the ditch; not a bank on which he may repose without running the risk of being turned off by the farmer, the landlord, or the policeman. We in the wilds have to keep to the roads, the roads, the roads; and woe to us if we dare to exceed our limits! Oh! you Londoners! You are always calling out for open spaces and people's parks and recreation-grounds. We know nothing of these things. The agricultural labourer in Norfolk has long ago won his eight hours a day, and that without any fuss or noise. Give him eight hours for sleep, and what is he to do with the other eight?

When we countrymen come up to London, we do dearly love to saunter in the parks. We bumpkins find a quite peculiar joy in sitting upon a penny chair under the great trees and resting our eyes and brains after sundry hours in galleries and museums, and basking, not in the sunshine—for that we get at home—but in the shade, watching the children at play or the young people who, by the merest chance in the world, have happened to meet under yonder tree; or picking up fragments of talk from the nursemaids or the passers-by. I fall asleep sometimes, and sometimes I pretend to sleep, and sometimes I have been known to dream. As to the London children, they are an endless amusement; but, I must add, they are becoming a great perplexity to me. The children have changed so in their manners and speech and bearing. Was it Southey who used to say that no home was decently furnished which had not in it a child rising three years and a kitten rising three months old? For me, I hate cats, young or old. Children, I confess, I have a kindly but somewhat sheepish toleration for. If only we could keep them to three years old! Alas! these lambs turn into rams and sheep—I was going to say they turn into she-goats, but I remembered in good time that they are the kids who turn into she-goats. The perplexing characteristic of London children is that I never know whether yonder small biped in a coat of many colours is or is not a child, and, if one, whether male or female. Their speech bewrayeth them not. The clear distinct intonation of London children, their unhesitating fluency, their rich vocabulary, their dialectic skill—above all, their immense experience of life and prodigious learning, overwhelm me with the sense of my inferiority. The other day I watched two children at play, it play it might be called. One was a little girl of perhaps eight years old; the other, her little brother, I should guess to have been five. Their attendant was in the distance sauntering, and not alone—she had a tall gentleman with her, dressed in red. The little boy had evidently brought with him a small cricket-bat and a ball. The sister had appropriated the bat and had imperiously ordered the small brother to bowl to her, a tree being the wicket. The small damsel was clearly an expert. Away went the ball to this side and to that, and the little urchin had to do all the fielding. He was evidently getting very weary of the game. Protest followed protest. It was all in vain. Edith was "well in," and she meant to keep in. I did very much pity that poor little chap, and I was glad when the gentleman in red departed and the attendant returned to her young charge. Then outspake Master Mark: "Mary, you will now be pleased to bowl to Miss Edith. She thinks I am made of iron, but I am not. Perhaps you are. I think you may try."

If I exploded and shook with laughter, it was from mere surprise. A man of thirty could not have been more cool and decided in his tone than this child of five. The three turned half an eye towards me, as if I had no business to laugh. They saw nothing to laugh at. Master Mark threw himself down, picked up a blade of grass and began biting at it—as you may see men do at Lord's any day. It was the correct thing. This was in Kensington Gardens. Next day I found myself under those same trees. There was a perambulator, and in it a very pretty baby; bending over the perambulator was a little boy of perhaps five, left in temporary charge of the baby apparently. By chance there came a friend that way who accosted me, and we talked. We took no notice of the perambulator. "Had I been to the Naval Exhibition?" "Yes, I had." "So have I!" said the small boy's voice. "And what's more, I consider it a fraud!" We both started at the interruption, and we both laughed. The child looked up from one to the other with an expression of offended dignity as if he thought us a "cheeky" pair. "Why, you're a sailor boy!" said my friend, referring to the child's nautical dress. "You ought to have liked it." "I shouldn't advise you to go by that," was the prompt reply. "All those dressed-up things at Madame Tussaud's don't care much to be there. They don't choose their dresses, do they?" Of course, you'll say I'm romancing, though I am as prosaic and matter-of-fact a person as the Archbishop of Canterbury is or ought to be. I heard these things; and I hear almost as remarkable speeches from London children every day I go there. But I never hear such things in the country. It seems to me that the intermediate stage between infancy and boyhood and girlhood in the Metropolis is rapidly disappearing, and, if things go on at the pace they have gone on in the last thirty years, there will be no children to be found among us. Innocence is no longer charming in this practical age. The demand is for sharpness. People are proud of their offspring being equal to any occasion, "up to anything" is the phrase. A puppy is full grown in a year, and a young savage can swim at two. Why should not our children learn to take care of themselves at three, take care of one another at five, and make their own way in the world at six? Well! we may come to that, and we are moving towards it. In another generation or two we may, not without profit, get back to the time when boys went to the University at eleven, and were off their parents' hands at fifteen. As to the girls, I know nothing about the girls and their ways. They used to smile at me once; they have given up doing that now, and it is hardly to be wondered at if I do not feel as kindly disposed towards them as I did in days gone by. They are having their innings just now, but they cannot hope to keep on scoring for ever.

Oh! little girls, little girls, I do gravely counsel you to study deportment! There are several hundreds of thousands of you who are doomed to die single—who will be misses in more sense than one to the end of your days. Study deportment! Depend upon it, you cannot all reign as queens. Try the other thing. You may almost all learn to please—which is better than reigning.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORRAINE (Brighton).—Your solution was acknowledged last week.
P. H. WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—We hope to publish your problem shortly.

G. COLLINS (Burgess Hill).—In your two-mover, how do you mate if Black play

L. R to K 8th? Future positions must be sent on diagrams. The other problem

belongs to a class we do not entertain on any condition.

P. WILLIS (Highgate).—We are unable to supply you with the desired information, but will make inquiries.

L. DESANGES.—Thanks, the problem shall have early attention.

W. HOWARD (Welwyn).—We will give our decision as soon as we have carefully examined the position, but it looks to us very much like a drawn game.

T. GUEST (Smethwick).—We are afraid your two-mover is too old-fashioned for modern taste. The complicated block, unless the move is obscure, is altogether out of date. In yours it is as plain as a pikestaff.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2163 received from Dr. A. R. V. SASTRY (Tumkur); of No. 2163 from T. Guest (Smethwick), Roy Windfield Cooper, H. S. B. (Bem Rhydding), and J. F. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2404 from Julia Short (Exeter), Rev. W. Cooper, T. Guest, John G. Grant (Ealing), and Joseph P. Pullen (Launceston); of No. 2455 from W. R. Raillem, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), T. Guest, and E. P. Villiamy.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2166 received from Martin F. Hereward, J. G. Grant, L. Desanges (Ardenza), G. Collins, Columbus, G. M. A. B., J. Coad, J. Louden, A. Newman, Odham Club, W. Rigby, George E. Anson, T. B. (New York), E. E. H., Dr. F. St. E. P. Villiamy, M. Burke, H. B. Hurford, Julia Short, B. D. Knox, W. R. B. (Plymouth), J. Hall, W. R. Raillem, W. Wright, Shadforth, R. Worster (Canterbury), Sorrento (Dawlish), J. Dixon, R. H. Brooks, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Guest, H. Rowe (Wexford), A. Callow Hurley, Dr. Walitz (Oxford), Stuart Downs, W. H. Greenbrook, J. F. Moon, T. Roberts, D. McCoy (Galway), A. Gwinne, D. John, G. Joyce, J. H. Garrett (Dublin), F. Beaudreth, Nigel Fitz-Warran (Exeter), G. Wells (Union Club), and F. Anderson.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2164.—By H. L. F. MEYER.

WHITE.

1. Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to K 5th
3. Kt mates.

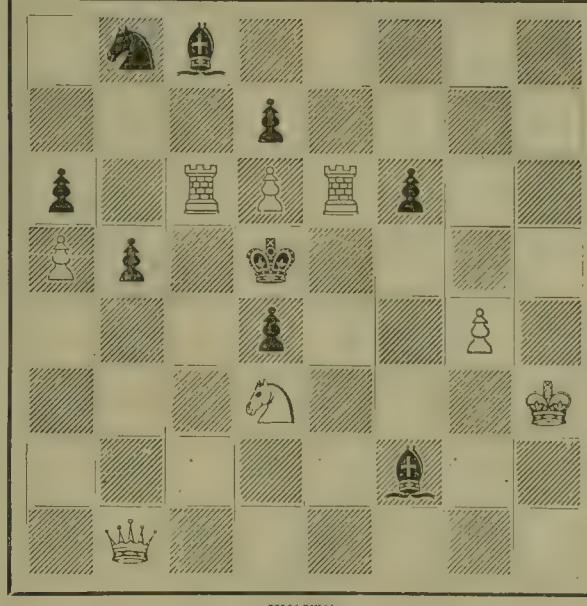
BLACK.

1. Kt takes R
2. Any move.

PROBLEM NO. 2468

By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's between Messrs. MASON and STEEL.

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th Takes P
3. B to B 4th P to Q 4th
4. B takes P; Kt to K B 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Q 3rd

The defence adopted is an unusual one, and here B to K 5th is analysed by Silvius into an equal game.

6. Kt to B 3rd Castles
7. Castles Kt takes B
8. Kt takes Kt P to Q B 3rd
9. Kt to B 3rd P to K B 4th

Ingenious, but far too hazardous against a player of White's force. The Pawn gained is dearly paid for by the complete exposure of his King's position.

10. P to K 5th Takes P
11. P to Q 4th P to B 2nd
12. Kt to K 2nd P to K Kt 4th

The effort to maintain this Pawn only increases his difficulties.

13. P to Q 3rd Seizing his opportunity without a moment's delay, the master hand is now seen in every move White makes.

13. Kt to Q 2nd
14. R to Kt 2nd P to K R 3rd
15. K to R sq Kt to B 3rd
16. P to B 4th K to R 2nd

The straight road to victory. Obviously, the Kt cannot be taken, and otherwise Black must lose a piece. The ending is well played.

26. Kt to K 2nd P to B 2nd
27. O to Q 4th Q to B 3rd
28. Q takes R R takes Q
29. B takes R B takes R
30. B takes B R to K sq
31. Kt to B 3rd P takes P
32. P takes P K to B 2nd
33. P to Q 6th, and wins.

The following is the final game, played by Mr. LOMAN and Mr. TINSLEY,

in the Divan Tournament.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
5. P takes P P takes P

The opening is a favourite one with White, but both players are conducting it on the lines most likely to result in equal positions.

6. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
7. Kt to K 6th B to Q 3rd
8. P to K B 4th Castles
9. B to Q 3rd P to Q B 4th
10. Castles P to B 5th
11. B to B 2nd P to Q R 3rd
12. B to Q 2nd P to Q Kt 4th
13. P to Q R 3rd Kt to K 5th

As we anticipated in our last issue, the result of the Divan Tournament was in favour of Mr. Loman, for first place. The full score was as follows: R. Loman, 7½ (first prize); L. Van Vliet, 7 (second prize); H. E. Bird, 6 (third prize); J. Mortimer, 5½ (fourth prize); G. Gossip, 4½; D. C. Muller, 4; R. F. Fenton, 3; S. Tinsley, 3; F. J. Lee, 2½; M. Jasnorolsky, 2.

The Chess Carnival held at Hengler's Circus on July 14 and 15, when games were played with living pieces, attracted a large and fashionable audience. The "pieces" themselves were chosen from the high ranks of society, and were dressed for the occasion in singularly handsome and effective costumes. The moves were made to the accompaniment of incidental music by a strong amateur orchestra, but owing to the games not being original the play was too rapid and not well announced. The gathering was a striking social success, and ought to result in much benefit to the association on whose behalf it was organised.

An effort is being made, under the auspices of the Cape Town Chess Club, to hold a South African Chess Tournament, the first ever held in that part of the world. A strong committee has been formed under influential patronage, and all now required is a generous list of subscriptions. These may be sent to the hon. treasurer, Parliament House, Cape Town; the secretary, Argus Office, Cape Town; or to H. F. Gastineau, Esq., City of London Chess Club.

At the City of London Chess Club the lists of competitors in the coming winter tournaments were opened on July 20, when about a score of strong players at once entered for the contest. The lists will be kept open till Aug. 31, and play will probably begin on Sept. 21. The prizes will this year amount to over £70, including three valuable prizes presented by Messrs. Frankenstein, Steel, and Kershaw.

THE COUNTRY QUIET.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Often, in the noisy nights of London, we sigh for the quiet of the country. But is the country so very quiet, after all? Perhaps the great can make a silence round their homes, but a farm-house is not exactly the place for persons who find Sleep an unpropitious god. We need not mention nightingales and other fowls who have a high poetical reputation. Even in the Greek Anthology the lover of Rhodoclein complained of the swallows which kept him awake in the dawn, and if one is made to listen to birds when one would fain be asleep, then their jargon is no better than any other kind of music. The one obtrusive art, music, insists on being heard whether you like it or not, whether it is a brass band or a popular fiddler or a young woman at the piano, or the Salvation Army or an irrepressible swallow, thrush, or nightingale. But there are worse noises, in some ways, than music. Dogs bay just as much in the country as in town—more, perhaps; because there is no one to remonstrate with their proprietors. Bats get in through the "open jasminemuffled lattices," and sleep is impossible with a bat in the room. There are always rats in the country, which wake you, and make you think of ghosts and feel sorry that you laughed at the Psychical Society. It is a relief to find, after a palpitating interval, that you have only rats to dread: but the noise which they make, holding athletic sports in the wainscot, is not what you go to the country to seek. Rats, bats, dogs, nightingales are nothing to the domesticated animals which murder quiet in the rural darkness. A calf deprived of its mother, a cow with a hopeless passion for a bull, and "waiting for her demon lover," make, of all beasts, the most hideous noise. They "rouse" at half-minute intervals, without remorse, and always in an elegiac manner. When a cow or a calf roars all night, one may be sure that "pity of self through all makes broken moan." They are most egotistic creatures, and are determined that, if they cannot be content, no person with nerves shall sleep in that parish. The roar of a love-lorn cow or bereaved calf carries at least a mile. To throw stones at a bereaved animal seems harsh, and experience has proved to me that it is futile. At cocks and hens, however, stones may be thrown with advantage. Very good practice may be made from an open window about four on a dewy summer morn, when chanticleer comes out and salutes the dawn under your casement. After being pelted for a little, he goes round to the opposite side of the house and clamours there. Some nervous person is aroused, and pelts him back, and then a kind of tennis is played, each amateur driving the cock into the other's quarters. After half an hour of this, with hands grimy from the coal, you may as well get up and resume your studies, or sketch, or go fishing with the early worm. Worse, a good deal, than the common rooster is the peacock. It is said that he screams most before rain, but he always screams. I think he comes on the scene a little earlier than the barn-door fowl. The peacock (as, no doubt, the Americans call him) is the worst of enemies. Some hosts object to having coals heaped on the heads of their peacocks, and the wakeful guest must suffer and be strong. My own plan, when I find myself aroused by a peacock, or several of them, is to rise very early, walk about in a disturbed manner, and affect an air of extreme and haggard alarm. I also consult Bradshaw. My host then inquires of my malady. I decline at first to reply. Finally I invent or adapt a good thumping ghost story, and so beat a sensational retreat. "Not for an empire would I pass another night in that awful chamber!" The people of the house are now saddled with a ghost; the young women scream in passages; the servants give warning. As the Scotch boy, pelting a harmless reptile, said, "I'll learn you to be a toad," so we may "learn" people not to keep peacocks, or, at least, may indirectly punish them for doing so. But, really, peacocks are not so bad as ducks and geese on a pond. Peacocks do not begin till 3 a.m. or so, but ducks and geese never leave off all night. People speak of the language of monkeys: that of ducks is much more copious, varied, energetic, and, as I imagine, profane. When ducks waken you, it is as if you heard several Germans quarrelling all at once—and this in the dead hour of night. Their manners are extraordinarily bad. They quack, cackle, and swear over their weedy food. Sometimes—one knows not why—they all waddle, quacking, out of their pond, and then, after a demonstration of a noisy kind on dry land, all flutter in again, with a prodigious flapping and clamouring. Ducks are an evil beyond cure by human ingenuity, unless, indeed, they are shut up at night, or unless you can get at them, as the penitent American said, "with a two-shoot scatter gun." But this, in itself, is noisy and expensive—

If he who in the cause of silence hoots
Too often makes the hubbub he imputes.

And he who in the cause of silence shoots may also come to be regarded as a nuisance. The only cure is to own the ducks, dogs, geese, peafowl, and the other animals. Nobody is ever kept awake by his own ducks and dogs, I believe; but I never had a duck of my own, and only once a dog, nor do I wish again to possess a creature of such exacting disposition. As to mere nightjars and screech-owls, they cause occasional turmoil and sudden awakenings, but they do not persevere in their clamours, like bereaved cows and individualistic ducks, and dogs with a grievance and peacocks delivering a forecast of the weather. I omitted to mention the brays of the donkey turned out to grass, which are an undignified affliction. Cats fight and love and scream less in the country than in town. That must be admitted; but that is almost the only advantage of the country. One does not complain of the noise of running rivers and roaring seas; they are soporific rather than otherwise, and, even if one is wakeful, help, as Dr. Johnson said, "to drive the night along." Silence we shall only find in the grave, where, as the French jester's epitaph says—

On this first night of many a night
Poor Scarron sleeps, in holy ground.

DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



TWO STUDIES OF HEADS.

ANTOINE WATTEAU.

Little fault can be found with the present arrangement of the drawings at the British Museum, to which we called attention in our issue of March 7 last, but, nevertheless, here and there will be found a drawing which would gain additional interest if placed side by side with another in a different part of the room. We give this week an instance of this in a little group of studies by three men—two Frenchmen and an Englishman—Watteau (1684-1721), Gravelot (1699-1773), and our own Gainsborough (1727-1788). At the Museum the Gravelot and the Gainsborough are placed close together in the English section, while the Watteau is in the French. Gravelot, as we know, was for a while the master (in etching) of Gainsborough, and, if Watteau did not stand in quite so close a relation to Gravelot, he was, at least,

Gravelot's example of grace and feeling. Of this grace, with all its courtly elegance, of this feeling so vivacious and refined, the three drawings by Watteau now shown at the British Museum give proofs all the more valuable because we have no picture by this artist in the National Gallery. The two studies of heads here reproduced (154) are in black and red chalk, and were once in the collection of Payne-Knight.

If not of quite the same attraction, yet of even greater interest for us are the two "Studies for a Portrait of a Gentleman seated" (194 and 195), one by Gravelot and the other by Gainsborough. These drawings were evidently made from the same model, at the same time, but taken from different points of view, and are like reflections of nearly opposite mirrors. It needs but little imagination to complete the scene: a room,

probably in Gravelot's house in London, somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century, and this fine gentleman seated between the master and the pupil, each doing his best to catch the ease of his attitude—the elegance of his air. Of the two the pupil has been the more successful. There is a freedom and a distinctness about his drawing which we miss in the other. It has more of Watteau in it, more of the painter.

The "Study for Portrait of the Duke of Wellington" (322), by the strange Spanish artist Goya, is interesting for other reasons. We learn from Professor Colvin's excellent catalogue that it was done from life immediately after the battle of Salamanca, and used for an equestrian portrait of the Duke, which was left unfinished, and is preserved in that state at Strathfield Saye.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



STUDY IN RED CHALK FOR A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

FRANCISCO JOSÉ DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN SEATED, WHOLE LENGTH.

HUBERT FRANCOIS BOURGUIGNON GRAVELOT.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN SEATED, WHOLE LENGTH.

T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.



1. The Governor-General's House on a Reception Day.

2. The Moskovskata Podvorie.

3. The Museum.

4. The Bolshoi Oulitza.

5. Street Scene: the Oldest and the Newest House in the City.

SKETCHES AT IRKUTSK, EASTERN SIBERIA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

A JOURNEY THROUGH SIBERIA: IRKUTSK.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

I reached Irkutsk on Feb. 2, after a tedious though not uninteresting journey of eight days from Krasnoiarsk. The city of Irkutsk, I found, was very different from the other Siberian towns I had visited. Containing 40,000 inhabitants, the capital of Eastern Siberia covers an enormous extent of ground, being nearly three miles in each direction—the principal street, or Bolshoi Oulitz, itself over a mile in length. My first impressions on walking up this noble thoroughfare were very different indeed from what I had anticipated, for it was hard to realise how near one was to the Chinese frontier and how far from a railway: the whole scene was one of absolutely European character, and reminded me not a little of many capitals I have visited. It was quite a relief, after the desolate look of the streets at Krasnoiarsk and Yeniseisk, owing to the apparent absence of shops, to see here the handsome buildings with large plate-glass windows, in which were displayed every description of European goods; and my surprise was the more natural, for, from what I had read, I was led to believe that nowhere in Siberia would I find the streets enlivened by the shop displays which give so much life and character to a place. But what astonished me most pleasantly in this far-away Siberian city was to see the fair sex dressed in the very latest of Parisian fashions, for I saw costumes in the Bolshoi Oulitz which would have looked smart even in Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, and, as nowhere can be seen more pretty faces, the effect on a bright sunny afternoon may be imagined. Irkutsk is not nearly so cold a place as Krasnoiarsk, for, according to Keane, the mean winter temperature is only minus 4 deg. Fahrenheit, and the summer temperature equal to that of Melbourne, and considerably higher than that of Paris. Of course I was particularly fortunate in visiting Irkutsk in the very height of the "season," for, as is the case all over Siberia, and, I believe, Russia also, the time to see "life" is during the winter months, when the rich and fashionable classes are in town, and all sorts of festivities are going on. As at Krasnoiarsk, I found "society" here absolutely European in its character, for most of the wealthiest people annually pass several months in the West, so are quite *au courant* with all that is going on in the world of pleasure, and manage to convey their impressions back to their Siberian palaces in the shape of luxuries and entertainments. I had the pleasure of dining one evening at the house of Mr. Soukatchoff, the Mayor of Irkutsk, one of the richest and most important men of the city. His magnificent house, with its large picture gallery, in which are over 250 examples of the best known of Continental artists, its immense library, and its priceless collection of curiosities from every part of the world, made my visit to this gentleman a sort of "artistic treat"—an entertainment which was in no way spoilt by the very excellent dinner he gave us, and the interesting people I was introduced to, many of whom spoke French and German fluently, and some of them English also. Here, as elsewhere in Siberia, on every occasion when I have dined out, either in Irkutsk, Krasnoiarsk, or Yeniseisk, the general "tone" and arrangements were delightful. I was also fortunate enough to be present at a big ball given by the millionaire M. de Sievers, and I doubt very much if the most brilliant "crush" of a London season could present a more magnificent spectacle than did this ball—for the Governor-General, with his party, and the headquarters staff officers, were present in full uniform, blazing with orders and decorations: the rooms were crowded with as smart a crowd of people as the most fastidious London dancing man could have desired. The "floor" and the music were both excellent. In the gallery of the ball-room was stationed the regimental band, while, by the fountain in the huge winter-garden—which was beautifully illuminated with quaint Chinese lanterns—the town string-band played all the evening. It was like being in dreamland to wander, with some pretty girl on one's arm, through the exotic shrubberies, and my thoughts were carried away from cold Siberia to the sunny South of France and to gay Monte Carlo. I should have been sorry to have missed seeing this dance, for it did more towards giving me an insight into Irkutsk society than all else.

Since the disastrous fire in Irkutsk in 1879, when almost the entire town was burnt to the ground, it has been forbidden to build any but stone or brick houses in the principal streets, so the result is broad thoroughfares with lofty buildings of imposing architectural pretensions on either side, which would not disgrace any Western capital. For its size, I do not think there is any city in the world which can boast of more public institutions than Irkutsk. On first driving through the city this was the characteristic feature which struck me, for everywhere, almost in every street, was some important public edifice, many of the institutions being, I was informed, the result of private munificence. A brief list of them, in proof of my remarks may be of interest, as giving an idea of the importance of this distant Siberian city.

Of public schools there are no less than nineteen, all under the supervision of a Government Educational Committee.

Then there are six hospitals—namely, three town hospitals; a foundling hospital, on the usual Russian system; a military hospital, and a madhouse.

Of "homes" for children there are at least four; three asylums for the aged and infirm; a monastery for men and one for women; a convict and a civil prison; a geographical institute; a large observatory (with an English telescope); and two clubs—one military, the other for merchants—making a total of over forty important public institutions for a population of less than 40,000.

Of the handsome churches, of which there are no less than twenty-two, besides two cathedrals, many were also presented to this lucky city by its millionaire inhabitants, who, when they decide to spend their money, do so in no parsimonious manner, as is evidenced by the result. The Monastery of St. Innocent, a short distance from the city, is as beautiful a specimen of Italian architecture as one could see anywhere, and cost its donors, several rich merchants, I don't know how many million roubles. It is not only in Irkutsk, however, that one finds such proofs of great private munificence, for I learn that the magnificent Cathedral of Krasnoiarsk was presented to the city by a rich man who made his millions out of vodka!

Irkutsk, being the seat of the Government of Eastern Siberia (a district equal in size to the half of Europe), is naturally well stocked with officials of all sorts and grades, the Governor-General and Civil Governor having each no less than three *remplaçants*. Considering what an important centre Irkutsk is, I was surprised to learn that it was only garrisoned by one battalion of 1000 soldiers and one "sotnia" (nominally 100, but actually 150) of Cossacks; so the energies of the Military Governor are not overtaxed. The Chinese frontier district comes within the government of the Trans-Baikal and Amour provinces.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Recently I met with a certain observation the source of which, to my regret, I failed to note. I therefore take the opportunity of appealing to my readers for their kind help in identifying the passage or quotation in question, because it has a scientific bearing of a very obvious nature. The observation was as follows: A writer, in speaking of the fallacies of the senses, described the Hindoo juggler's trick of causing a small plant to grow out of a flower-pot in which, a few moments before, the conjurer had placed some seeds. The pot is covered over or concealed by a blanket, and when the covering is withdrawn the apparently marvellous and instantaneous growth of the seed into a perfect plant is witnessed. Now, the writer in question goes on to state that an amateur photographer had taken a "snap-shot" at the conjurer and his performance, and when the negative was developed no plant could be seen growing in the pot at all. The inference is that the spectators only fancied they saw a plant, and that the success of the trick is due to the juggler making his audience believe they see what does not really exist. In plain language, he is supposed to hypnotise the spectators, and the illusion is to be regarded not as due to his dexterity but to his power of making the spectators believe they see what he wishes them to behold.

Assuming the incident with the camera to be true and of good report, how is the omission of the flower in the pot to be accounted for? If a photograph of the scene had been taken at all, it must necessarily have included all the details within range of the lens, and, as Boncicault makes one of his characters in "The Octofoon" say, "The apparatus doesn't lie." I do not pretend to criticise the statement at all. I am merely anxious to know if any of my readers interested in psychical matters can confer a favour by referring me to the original source of the story. My own recollection is that I casually met with the reference in an American magazine, which I glanced at while waiting for a friend. The name of the magazine and its date (which must be recent, I fancy) have both escaped my recollection.

After thinking over the above incident, one is inclined to be somewhat sceptical of the story as I have related it—although my version, I admit, may not be absolutely correct. A perusal of a paper by Chevalier Hermann, the conjurer, confirms me in my scepticism. He tells us that when he visited India he could find no foundation in actual fact for the marvellous stories of Hindoo jugglery, including the feat of "youths tossing balls of twine in the air and climbing up on them out of sight." What Herr Hermann did see in India, he tells us, he could have imitated "with little preparation," and that he "would not presume to introduce them upon the stage." This is a decided blow to the reputation of our Indian friends, and after this assertion the tales of fakirs being buried for six weeks, and recovering thereafter, may reasonably be doubted also, although I shall feel interested in hearing from any of my Indian readers accounts of what they have actually seen in the way of startling magic. It will be interesting if I quote what Hermann has to say of the flower-pot trick, which the unknown psychologist has tried to explain on the basis that the conjurer causes his audience to see what does not exist—a startling enough theory, by the way, since it supposes that all sorts and conditions of men looking on could be simultaneously hypnotised.

In Bombay a troupe of jugglers appeared in front of the hotel in which Herr Hermann was staying. After a short address, an empty flower-pot was produced. This was filled with earth, which was moistened with water, and into the pot a few mango seeds were dropped. A large piece of cloth was used to cover the pot, which rested on a tripod of bamboos. Then followed an address to the audience, and the operator walked slowly round the covered pot, "dexterously allowing his robes to envelop it at each turn," while the other members of the troupe chanted a kind of incantation. After some three minutes occupied in this performance, the incantation ceased, the cloth was removed, and in it was seen growing a mango-tree about three feet in height, the plant having apparently grown after the planting of the seed. This is a bare description of what the Western conjurer saw his Eastern rivals perform, and it sounds very wonderful, no doubt. Hermann's explanation of the trick, however, causes us to repeat the hackneyed expression that "it is not at all startling when you know how it's done." What the Hindoo wizard did was to remove the pot from beneath the cloth—a dexterous proceeding enough, but not a whit more wonderful or clever than things we see done at the Egyptian Hall or at other entertainments of like nature—and to substitute the growing mango, which he carried concealed under his robe. "This," adds Hermann, "he did rather clumsily, while he let the robe rest, as if by accident, over the covered flower-pot previously displayed."

This recital is interesting scientifically, because, as I have said, we hear so much about Indian jugglery and esoteric mysteries, which no science is supposed to be capable of explaining, that one may find some justification for a continued display of scepticism when still more mysterious feats are gravely detailed. I find that the facts about Indian magic and mystery set forth in books in grave, circumstantial array do not always coincide with what actually occurs; hence my appeal to Indian readers of these lines for accounts of things they may have seen in the way of live burials and resuscitations (if such things are still in vogue) and like phenomena. I referred, when I began these jottings, to the idea that the explanation of a trick was to be found in the delusion of the spectator's senses; and this reminds me of a very interesting case which certainly proves to us how a dominant idea may be impressed on the minds not of a few spectators but of thousands, with an utterly futile result when all is said and done. When the Crystal Palace took fire, many years ago, efforts were made to rescue the animals from the menagerie, which was lodged in the burning part. As the fire progressed, a large monkey was seen by the spectators to appear on the roof and to hold on to some pinnacle or other, apparently writhing in terror at its impending incineration. Desperate attempts to reach the unfortunate animal were made. The crowd was breathless with anxiety. Every movement of the rescuers was watched with agonising interest. At last the ape was reached, and was found to be—a piece of canvas, which had apparently been detached from the building, and which, clinging to some post or pole, had impressed the crowd, by its flapping, with the idea that it was a big monkey writhing with fear and agony! This, I believe, is a well-founded fact. It proves to the full, of course, that given an idea, supported by a fair show of demonstration, such a thought is certain to become dominant and over-ruling in the minds of many men. How far this principle may serve to explain many another delusion of human life, I leave my readers to judge.

A VERY BAD ACADEMY?

BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

"Is it a very bad Academy this year?" I can't say—I think so! When we say an Academy is a very bad one, or only a pretty good one, or a rather below the average one, perhaps we are expecting too much: we expect to find every picture a masterpiece, and are apt to compare the show of the year with all the shows we can remember put together, of course remembering only the pick of them.

I don't think it can be called a very bad Academy, when we find there so much that is excellent and so little that is really bad. It greatly depends upon how you look at it.

If you merely run through the rooms, as many do, you will not be impressed at first, because, with no doubt every desire on the part of the authorities to do their best, the pictures are not always placed in a manner to set off each other or to conduce to the general effect—so you must pick out the plums for yourself, and these you will find in every direction. In nearly every corner you will find something worth looking at, some little bit that you would like to take home with you. And how has it got there? Why, in many cases because it fitted. It is this painful necessity of fitting all the frames into each other, like so many pieces of a puzzle, that makes the difficulties of hanging so great and the effect so unsatisfactory. So it depends upon how you look at it, and what you look for.

I don't think it can be called a very bad Academy, when it contains such a notable picture as "The Doctor," by Luke Fildes, which is perhaps one of the finest of its class that has ever been painted, combining, as it does, such powerful and excellent art with so pathetic and true a story. The doctor's face is a masterpiece of painting and expression, and the whole picture, without the least affectation or mawkishness, raises an everyday and almost commonplace subject into the high rank of tragedy.

I don't think it can be called a very bad Academy, when we have the elegant conceptions, with their refinements of form and colour and classical completeness, of the President, Sir F. Leighton, as exemplified in his "Return of Persephone," and "Perses and Andromeda," and when we see Sir John Millais still to the fore with his beautiful landscapes and lifelike portraits, and can contemplate the exquisite taste and workmanship displayed in Alma-Tadema's "Earthly Paradise," and delight in the "Summer Pleasures" "on the beeched margin of the sea" by that joyous painter J. C. Hook.

I don't think it can be so bad a show, when we can enjoy so much that is healthy in art, so much that is fresh and true to nature. Can anything be more fresh and natural than David Murray's "Mangolds," for instance, with its bright and windy atmosphere, or Henry Moore's grand picture, "The Setting Sun now Gilds the Eastern Sky."

And, talking of sea and ships and sailors, there are a good many of our artists who know how to depict these characteristics of our little island. W. L. Wyllie shows us how a modern armed cruiser can be artistically treated and made into a beautiful picture, with perfect colour. F. Brangwyn paints with all the knowledge of a sailor; and Ralph Hedley, in "Go, and God's Will be Done," shows us the brave side of the sons and mothers of our seafaring population. Among other delineators of the sea we have Colin Hunter, Hamilton Macallum, and Napier Hemy—all colourists; and John Brett, who presents us with a scientific rendering of waves and rocks and sky and sand.

But there is another group of conspicuous young artists which attracts us, since they not only by their work prevent the present Academy from being a very bad one, but contain within their ranks many of those whom I think we may safely consider as the future pillars of the British School, since they all seem bent on going forward and on seeking new phases of art. Among these may be mentioned Stanhope Forbes, who actually finds beauty in "The Salvation Army"; Frank Bramley, who depicts a child's funeral, which he calls "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"; H. La Thangue, Chevalier Taylor, and several others, who portray fisher-folk and men and women as they are now; besides such already well-known names as J. S. Sargent, who is certainly a most masterful painter, as shown by his "La Carmencita" and his beautiful portrait of a lady; Adrian Stokes, who paints "Through the Morning Mist," that everyone should look at and enjoy; Solomon J. Solomon, whose "Judgment of Paris" is certainly one of the beautiful pictures of the exhibition; Arthur Hacker, who not only paints very broadly and well "Christ and the Magdalene," but has come to the front as an original portrait-painter; and in this connection we must certainly name Arthur Cope, J. J. Shannon, W. Llewellyn, and several others, nor must we pass over the names of Fred Hall, Melton Fisher and Horace Fisher, Yeend King, Henry S. Tuke, and W. Margetson, who all send good and sound work.

If you can enjoy and appreciate good colour, you can find examples in all directions. Look at J. M. Swan's "African Panthers," R. W. Macbeth's "Cider-Making," J. W. Waterhouse's "Flora," and his most original and striking "Ulysses and the Sirens." Seek out some little pictures in corners by Clayton Adams and J. R. Reid. Mark the works of Henry Woods, the painter of brilliant Venice, and of John Pettie, with his powerful effects, as well as other Scotch artists.

I suppose the faculty for good colouring must be born in a painter, but, still, the constant working direct from nature goes a long way to foster it, and our artists are constantly painting direct from nature. Perhaps this is carried almost too far, and consequently we have so many "little bits" that, although excellent transcripts of facts, are yet wanting in imagination and sentiment and that real impressionism which Turner knew so well how to convey to our minds. Alfred East may be mentioned as one of those who put sentiment into their landscapes. But of mentioning names there would be no end, if I were to recall all those that are worthy of being noted.

For instance, among the painters of small but very complete work may be named Jan van Beers, whose finish is marvellous; Andrew Gow, who draws horses perfectly, and gives true and beautiful expression to his human figures, as may be seen in his fine picture of "Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland"; and of less ambitious painters there is a goodly list, such as Haynes King, J. Clark, the Misses Hayllar, &c.

Of the masterful or broad painters it is hardly necessary for me to recall the names of W. Q. Orchardson, a master not only of painting and expression and composition, but of tone and colour—note his "Enigma" and fine portraits—or of Hubert Herkomer, or J. S. Sargent and others. Nor should the humourists be left out, such as H. S. Marks, J. C. Dollman, W. Small, and Dendy Sadler.

I think, if the reader will take the pains to look up in the catalogue only the few artists I have mentioned in this little chat about the Royal Academy, that he or she will find it interesting to go and look at all their pictures. He then will see for himself many other things that I have not noted; and I think he will see sufficient, and a good deal more than sufficient, for him to come to the conclusion that it is not a very bad Academy.

ROYAL APPOINTMENTS.



H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



Her Majesty the Queen.



H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Germany has pleased a considerable number of London shopkeepers by giving them her patronage during her stay here. It is not an unusual thing for royal ladies to shop at London houses; but it is those which are known everywhere as "the best houses" that receive such cosmopolitan notice from royalty generally. Thus, Messrs. Russell and Allen and Messrs. Redfern constantly supply the Queens and Princesses of other lands with Court and walking costumes. But the German Empress has gone farther afield, and has patronised a number of the establishments which make the moderation of their charges a special feature of attraction for customers.

Surely soon there will be no single field of effort left untrdden by the daring foot of the end-of-the-century maiden! Quite a sensation was caused by Miss Leale's fairly successful shooting at "the new Wimbledon"—Bisley Camp. She did not win the prize for which she competed. She made 59 points as against a highest score of 66; while there were several men's scores standing at all the figures intervening. Nevertheless, she is considered to have done remarkably well, considering that she was shooting (with the Martini-Henry rifle) in a competition open to all the crack shots of the kingdom. The novelty of the sight of a young and pleasant-looking lady shooting for a prize drew crowds of spectators: and, as in every instance of a new achievement by a woman, some men generously admired her skill, and were pleased with her success, while others openly expressed their unwillingness to have their masculine superiority put to a practical test. Miss Leale wants to shoot for the blue riband of the butts, the Queen's Prize; but before she can do so it seems she must raise, equip, and get recognition for a regiment of female volunteers! Only "efficients" in the recognised volunteer corps' ranks are allowed to join in the competition for the Queen's Prize. Miss Leale comes from Guernsey.

For a lady to be a good shot is by no means a novelty; it is only the surrounding conditions that have given Miss Leale such notoriety. For instance, the lady who would, but for certain little historical incidents, be now the Queen of France—the Comtesse de Paris—is quite a crack shot.

Certain teetotal advocates, correspondents of a religious paper, have been arguing that when Paul advised Timothy to "use a little wine" he intended the alcoholic stimulant for external application only. However ludicrous the idea of rubbing wine outside "for the stomach's sake" may be, it would not be so absurd a prescription as appears at first if Timothy's "many infirmities" included a bad complexion. Red wine (i.e., burgundy or claret), with an equal quantity of rose-water, is an old prescription as a tonic for the skin. It is an astringent, and might be useful, if industriously rubbed on wrinkles, in partially removing them.

Mary Queen of Scots, indeed, used to bathe in French wine. Her beauty must assuredly have been a combination of fine colouring and personal magnetism, for those who saw the

various portraits of her in the Stuart Exhibition can no longer believe in the loveliness of her features. Even the most charming of those portraits—the one belonging to successive monarchs almost from her own day, and known as the Windsor miniature, from which it is believed that the face (really beautiful) on the Westminster Abbey tomb was copied—shows her as rather dignified and interesting than beautiful. What, then, can have been her charm? Be sure that complexion had much to do with it, and grace and attractive ways yet more. Well, we cannot find a prescription for that combination of many excellences which we call grace, but it is something to know that this famous beauty used wine baths for her skin. There is a letter in the Record Office from the Earl of Shrewsbury complaining that the allowance made to him for the expenses of the Queen of Scots and her suite was insufficient; and, among the other heavy expenses to which he was put by her Majesty's presence, he records the purchase of hogsheads of French wine for "this Queen's baths."

Diana de Valentinois, the marvellous beauty who is said to have been as lovely to look upon at seventy years old as in her youth, "and, above all, her skin had a wonderful whiteness," was, in her own time, believed to use a complexion wash containing dissolved gold. But those who can by no means afford any such extravagant luxury may be comforted by being told that Diana's physician, after her death, declared that she never used anything except rain water and dew gathered before the sun rose. Rain water caught as it falls is "soft"—i.e., free from lime—and this is advantageous for cleansing purposes. Distilled water, too, is known to be far preferable to ordinary well or spring water for the complexion. In cases of very delicate skin a thin oatmeal gruel and no soap is found excellent.

There is no point on which authorities on this extremely important subject differ more than on the use of grease for the face. Some of them say that it is a fatal practice; and, of course, it seems, as a matter of logic, that it must be injurious to fill the pores of the skin with fat. But, then, on the other hand, the skin has in itself a natural fat, which does more or less come to the surface; and experience seems to show that very often an addition to this natural supply does nothing but good. The most striking illustration that we all of us know of a lovely complexion remaining unimpaired to an age at which such charms have generally faded—the illustrious lady who must by this time be tired of being told that she looks the younger sister of her son—is accustomed to use a "cream" (that is, of course, a pure fat) to her face instead of soap and water, except once a day.

I think that the most dazzling complexion that I have ever seen was that of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford: she was a beautiful woman in every way, but her complexion was unrivalled; it was so soft, so clear, and so unwrinkled, though she was a hard student and even an original thinker. She used cold cream daily to her face, and the last time I saw her, two months before she died of consumption, I could not resist remarking to her that her face looked the same as ever. She said pathetically—"It must feed on the cold cream that I still

have put upon it." Her complexion was unspoiled, though she was then forty years old, and her figure was wasted by illness. One thing is certain—that women who rouge, whether for the stage or as a daily habit (a bad, deceptive, and demoralising habit, mind!) must always keep the paint out of the pores by rubbing grease on first, or they will poison their skin. What does Jeremiah call it? "Rending" the face with paint—a phrase as true as it is expressive. Actresses, however, who nightly "make up" their faces artistically with grease paints, have generally good complexions; really good, when not "made up" and off the stage. Miss Mary Moore made this remark to me recently as I sat chatting with her and Mrs. Bernard Beere; and certainly those ladies were both striking illustrations of the truth of the observation; but not more so than many other actresses. So I think it must be concluded that the use of a nice "cream" is good for the complexion.

A young lady has again come out first in the Matriculation Examination of the University of London. She is Miss E. C. Higgins. There were some 1700 candidates of both sexes examined.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 27, 1887), with a codicil (dated Feb. 25, 1890), of Mr. James Searight, late of 80, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, merchant, who died on May 29, was proved on July 2 by Hugh Ford Searight, the son, Thomas Bell, and Cecil Allen Coward, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £314,000. The testator bequeaths £1500, and all his furniture and household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Searight; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Isabella Catherine Blagden; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Sarah Elizabeth Prince; an annuity of £200 to his sister, Isabella Foxhall; £2000 to his executor Mr. Bell; £1000 to his executor Mr. Coward; and legacies to clerks and servants. Such sum is to be set aside as will produce £6000 per annum, and the income paid to his wife, for life; at her death the capital is to be divided between his children and grandchildren, as she shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares. The share of his deceased son James is to be held, upon further trust, to pay a portion of the income to his widow and subject thereto for his children.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 31, 1890), of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic William Earle, J.P., barrister-at-law, late of Edenhurst, near Roby, Lancashire, who died on April 27, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on June 25 by Mrs. Alice Louisa Earle, the widow, and James John Hornby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £160,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, horses, carriages, and farming stock, implements, and effects, to his wife; £5000 to his godson George Russell Tod; £3000 each to Caroline Margaret Johnston and Ralph Neilson; £50 each to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary

DOVER COLLEGE.

The annexed woodcut is a view of the principal buildings of Dover College—the ancient buildings are the "Norman Hall" (A.D. 1130), the Chapel (13th Century), and the Gateway (14th Century). The modern buildings consist of three boarding houses, a gymnasium, laboratory and workshop, class-rooms, and fives courts. The boarding houses have been built with the most careful regard for the requirements of health, and a peculiar feature of the arrangements is that each boy has a separate bedroom.

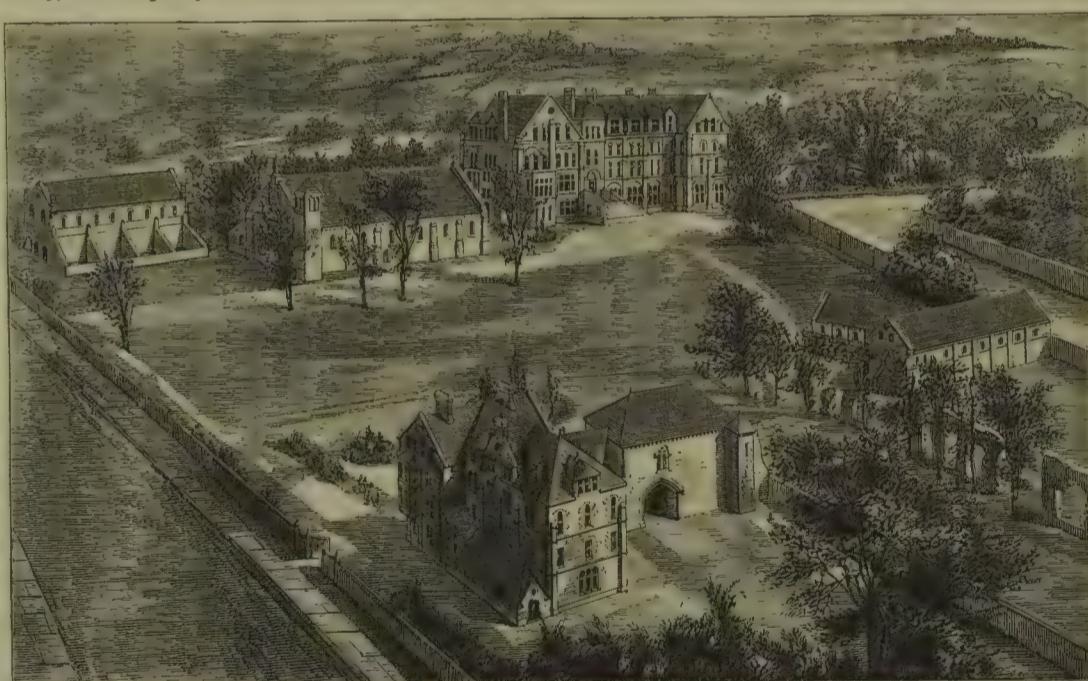
Dover College was founded to supply a sound education of a high order on moderate terms, and is open to boarders and day boys. The education given is of the highest character, and during the past year pupils have obtained open scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, others obtained the fifth, seventh, and seventeenth places for Woolwich, while others again were successful in the "Sandhurst" and other public examinations. Great attention is given to modern requirements; modern languages, natural science, music, drawing, and shorthand are taught with a thoroughness which a few years ago was quite unknown in any public school. There is a junior school, in which young

boys are thoroughly grounded. A large proportion of the boys who have distinguished themselves entered the College quite young.

The College grounds are about four acres in extent, and there is besides a large cricket field at a short distance from the College, and the pupils have always been famous for their success in athletic games. It is one of the few public schools whose old boys keep up a club in London, and the "Old Doverians" have successfully maintained the good name of the College in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.

The College has never suffered from any of the complaints which spring from insanitary conditions. Dover itself is one of the healthiest towns on the South Coast, and the College stands on rising ground in the environs. The climate of Dover is dry and tonic, and few places in England have so much sunshine and so little rain. The bathing at Dover is very good, both in the sea and the large swimming baths which have lately been erected.

The staff of the College consists of highly qualified graduates of English and Continental Universities. The Head Master is the Rev. William Bell, M.A.; the Honorary Secretary is E. W. Knocker, Esq., Town Clerk of Dover; the Bursar is Major-General Eteson, from all of whom information with regard to the College can be obtained.



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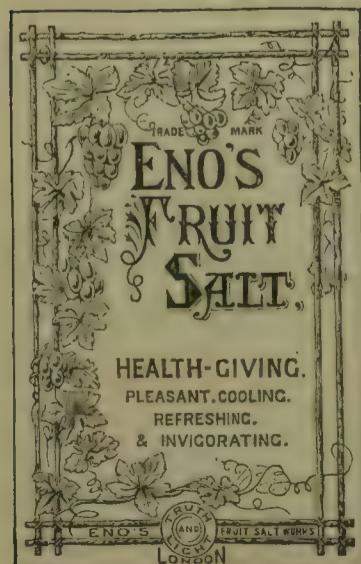
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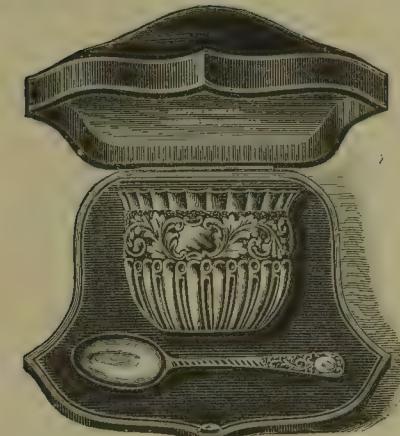
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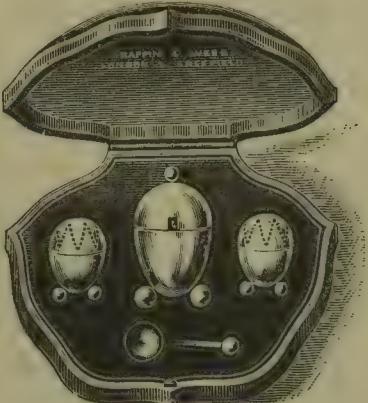


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and Lunatic Asylum and the Liverpool Royal Northern Hospital; £100 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £500 to be applied, as his cousin Arthur Earle shall think best, for the benefit of the new church and district of St. Dunstan, Speke-lands, near Liverpool; and many legacies to godchildren, relatives, friends, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood (in the event of her marrying again he gives her an annuity of £800), and then for his children equally. Should he not leave any children, he gives £5000 to William Earle, and the ultimate residue to his godson George Russell Tod.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1887), with five codicils (dated Aug. 10, 1888, and April 18, 22, and 29, and July 4, 1890), of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, formerly of 31, Queen Anne Street, and late of 9½, Gower Street, who died on June 2, was proved on July 10 by Ernest Hensleigh Wedgwood, the son, Godfrey Wedgwood, and Dame Katherine Euphemia Farrer, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £117,000. The testator gives various legacies to children and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth to, or upon trust for, each of his children, Ernest Hensleigh Wedgwood, Frances Julia Wedgwood, Dame Katherine Euphemia Farrer, Hope Elizabeth Wedgwood, and Alfred Allen Wedgwood.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1886), with four codicils (dated Nov 5, 1889, and Feb. 5 and 10, and May 30, 1891), of Mr. Abraham Hodgson Phillpotts, one of the directors of the London and County Banking Company, late of Carshalton, Surrey, who died on May 31, was proved on July 6 by Henry Tracy Phillpotts, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £81,000. The testator gives £1000 to the Church of England Zenana Mission; £500 to the Gloucester Mariners' Chapel; £200 to the County of Gloucester Infirmary; £100 to the City of London College; all his furniture, goods, and household effects, his leasehold residence for the remainder of his term, and for life £3000 per annum, to his wife; and there are bequests to his sisters, nephews, nieces, and others. Subject to a trust for accumulation, he bequeaths £12,000 each to his nephews, Thomas Charles Phillpotts, Henry Eden Phillpotts, George Henry Hodgson Phillpotts, Henry Tracy Phillpotts, Herbert Macdonald Phillpotts, and Ernest Alfred Phillpotts; £8000 each to his nephews, John Hodgson Phillpotts and Cecil Arthur Phillpotts; £4000 each to his nephews and niece, William Edward Phillpotts, Arthur Charles Phillpotts, and Blanche Martha Phillpotts; and £3000, upon trust, for his niece, Constance Taaffe. He appoints his nephews, Thomas Charles Phillpotts, George Henry Hodgson Phillpotts, and Henry Eden Phillpotts, residuary legatees.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1888) of Mr. John Alcock, late of Highfield House, Bredbury, Cheshire, cotton manufacturer, who died on May 18, was proved on June 26 by John Herbert Alcock, Edward Alcock, and William Alcock, the sons, and Miss Mary Catherine Alcock, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator devises the Gatley estate to his son John Herbert, conditionally on his paying £5000 in aid of his residuary estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1880), with a codicil (dated Jan. 3, 1881), of Sir Peyton Estoteville Skipwith, Bart., J.P., D.L.,

formerly of The Châlet, Lindfield, Sussex, and late of Leamington Hastings, near Rugby, who died on May 12, was proved on July 1 by Henry Biggs Warren, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his jewellery, plate, furniture, pictures, books, wines, household effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Dame Alice Mary Skipwith; and he confirms the provision made for her by their marriage settlement; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Warren. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children, as she shall appoint. He devises all his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, being freehold of inheritance, subject to the payment of £300 per annum, which he has charged thereon in favour of his brother, Grey Hubert Skipwith, to the use of his first and every other son, according to their respective seniorities in tail male.

The will of Mr. Alexander Kenyon Trotter, formerly of Acton, Middlesex, and late of The Nook, Wyvencote, Essex, who died on May 11, was proved on July 6 by the Rev. Henry Eden Trotter, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000.

The will and two codicils of Dame Emma Edmonstone, late of 141, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, who died on May 25, were proved on June 26 by Sir Richard Wilbraham, K.C.B., and Francis Henry Randle Wilbraham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9321.

The will (dated July 18, 1890), of Lady Agnes Louise Catherine Clifford, late of 69, Onslow Gardens, who died on May 25, was proved on June 25 by the Hon. Walter Charles Ignatius Clifford, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7576. After giving legacies to other of her children, the testatrix bequeaths the residue of her personal estate to her daughter, the Hon. Bertha Mary Agnes Clifford.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1882) of Mr. Robert Hankinson Williams, J.P., late of Great Eccleston, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 8, has now been proved at the Lancaster District Registry by Mrs. Margaret Fisher, the niece, and Edward Garlick, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2474. The testator leaves his household goods, furniture, and effects to his said niece, and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for her for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1843) of Mr. Frederick William de Moleyns, late of Beaumont House, county Kerry, formerly M.P. for the said county, who died so long ago as March 17, 1834, was only proved on June 29 last by James Macdonald Horsburgh, the value of the personal estate amounting to £740. Subject to some legacies, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his nephew and godson Frederick Henry Phillips, on condition that he takes the name of De Moleyns and resides one year out of four in the county of Kerry, and, in default of his complying therewith, to the trustees of University College, London, to found a professorship of Electrical Science, to be called the De Moleyns Professorship. It is recited that Mr. Phillips has refused to comply with the conditions imposed, so that the money goes to University College. The testator directs that he shall be buried in the churchyard of Killarney, and that a marble tablet shall be placed on his tomb to record that he died, as he had lived, a lover of an ungrateful country and of all free institutions, and a devoted follower of science.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

For the "actor-manager" Mr. Henry Arthur Jones proposes to substitute the "author-manager." Nay, more! He does more than propose it, he intends to put it to a practical proof, and in the early autumn we shall see a London theatre managed by Mr. Jones, with a play written by Mr. Jones, with a company selected by Mr. Jones, and with an enterprise wholly financed by Mr. Jones. The public can have no possible objection to such an arrangement, and will heartily applaud the effort of the author-manager, provided, of course, the confidence in himself is realised. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is well known to be an excellent man of business; he has commercial instincts; he is, perhaps, the most successful dramatic author of the day, and probably he argues that he may just as well risk his own capital in his own ventures as that of his neighbours. He enters into the field with a solid bank balance, and the profit or loss account will be his affair. So much for the purely practical and commercial aspect; but as to the aesthetic difference between actor-manager and author-manager, I confess we seem to be in the same condition as the old farmer who, after a "sit up" with claret, declared that he "got no forrader." The question is, will the author-manager be endowed with more modesty and self-control than the actor-manager? The actor-manager, as we all know, loves to get into the middle of the stage, but the author-manager adores his own dialogue. The actor-manager would cut out everyone but himself, but the author-manager would die sooner than sacrifice one syllable of his inspired dialogue. If Mr. Jones really has the pluck and moral courage to efface himself occasionally, and to see at rehearsals where he has gone wrong in the study, all will go well. But that is the question.

I am sure Mr. Jones will agree with me that authors, as a rule, receive the most valuable guidance and assistance from managers, actors, and actresses alike. The unselfish manager is, no doubt, a rare bird. But sometimes he exists. He can see the value of the play beyond his own personal aggrandisement. No doubt Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may have his grievances against actor-managers. He may regret that he ever listened to this advice or that. He may lament that he did not always have the courage of his opinions, and was over-persuaded "against his will." But come, now, Mr. Jones, can you candidly place your hand on your heart and wish that every play you have ever written from first to last had been produced exactly as it occurred in the original manuscript? Mr. Wilson Barrett, or Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or this one or that may have been very hard on the beloved manuscript and vigorous with the fatal blue pencil, but how about the bank balance, Mr. Jones? Would it have been greater or less had it not been for that terrible blue pencil? I speak not without experience. There was a time when I wrote plays myself, or, rather, attempted to do so, but I found that experience of the stage does not make a man a dramatist of necessity. As a rule, a literary actor makes a far better dramatist than a practised journalist. Your facile writer, your author who loves to write, your journalist who can dash off his column with facility, makes, as a rule, a wretched dramatist. The only exception to this rule I can call to mind was Dion Boucicault. He was a wonderfully quick writer, and yet he never wrote too much. Your slow, plodding, painstaking writer makes the best dramatist. Good plays are seldom written

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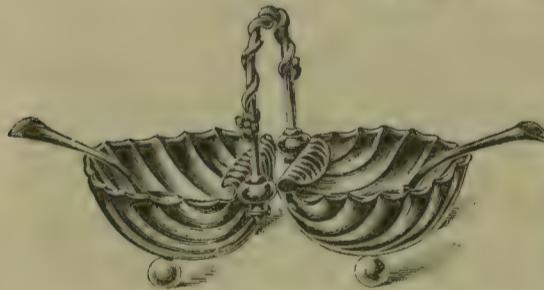
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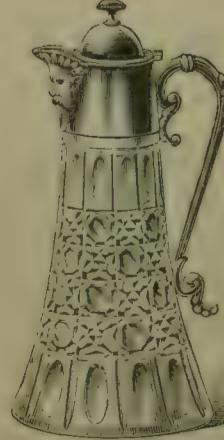


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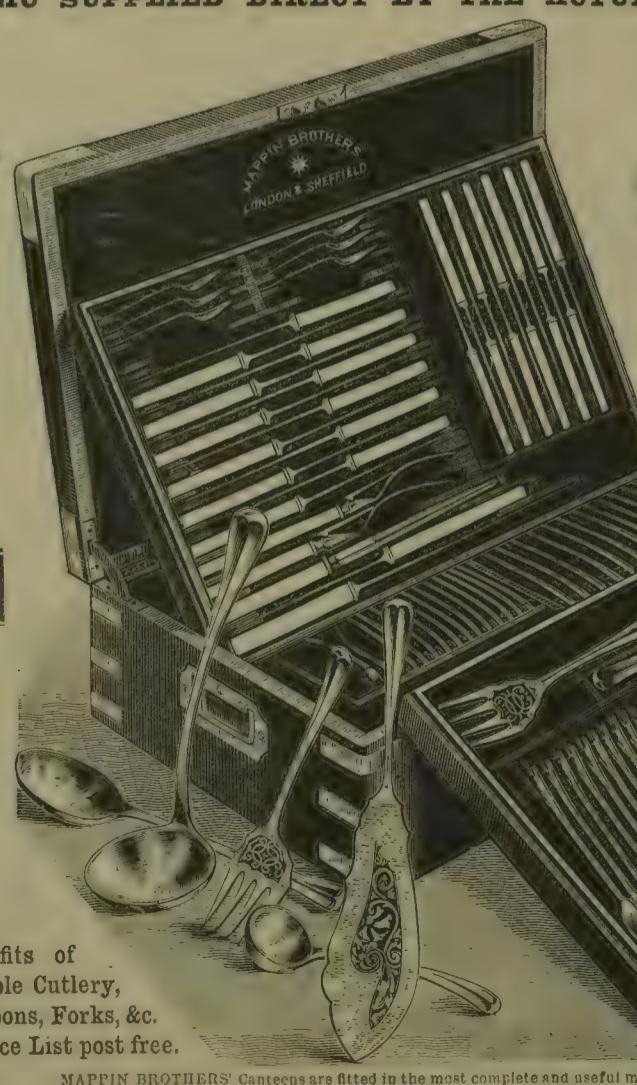
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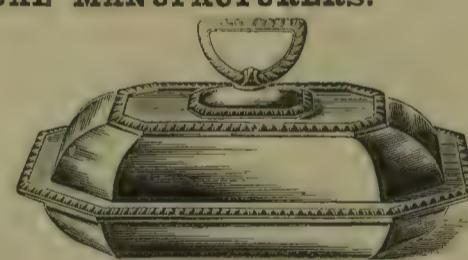
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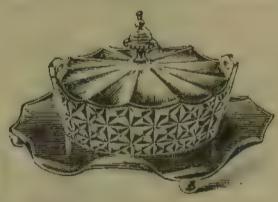
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It is quite possible that the author-manager, if he be of exceptional temperament, may be an improvement on the actor-manager. But it is a commercial rather than an artistic question. The ideal manager, to my mind, is the experienced literary man who has vast knowledge of the stage of all countries, who does not write plays, who has not married an actress, who has power and courtesy combined, who has approved critical judgment, and can comment on literature as well as on acting. I mean the kind of man who knows how the thing ought to be done, and insists that it shall so be done. If I were a capitalist I would trust that man with my money sooner than the mere ignoramus who understands bill-sticking and the wonderful theatrical art of wasting money on advertisements, but cannot parse a sentence in a play; or the actor-manager, who desires to satisfy his own or his wife's ambition with my banking account.

Mr. George Alexander wound up his successful dramatic season at the St. James's with a little play by Mr. Walter Frith dealing with an accredited incident in the life of Molière. Certain writers have worried themselves with discussing whether it was or was not true that Molière died from excitement on the stage, caused by domestic anxiety. So far as the play is concerned, does it matter one brass farthing? The play supposed to be founded on an incident in the life of David Garrick is absolutely false so far as David Garrick is concerned. The well-known "Kean" of the elder Dumas is a ludicrous travesty of English and theatrical history. Thackeray has chaffed it to death. So far as Mr. Frith's "Molière" is concerned, I think he would have done better if he had stuck rather closer to the accepted incident than he has. Why did he not allow Molière to die on the stage, and make the wife in

love with one of the principal actors? To bring the poor man home in a sedan-chair when in a moribund condition, and then make him go through a kind of private charade before supper, seems a little strained; and then the attitude of the aristocratic lover is almost needlessly offensive. It reminds me very much in style of Mr. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy" reversed; but then Mr. Gilbert's little play was terse, convincing, and admirably dramatic. Mr. Frith's "Molière" is always interesting, but it lacks dramatic force and intensity. This is, I think, what the artists felt. They were not quite in the vein. They could not rise to the passion of the scene. It will come one night. Mr. George Alexander, one of the most sympathetic and expressive of our comedians, will touch the tragic note and surprise us all; and Miss Marion Terry will prove that genius can make a bad part a good one. The play wants fresh study and reconsideration. The acting is pleasant now, it ought to be great.

Everyone who cares for the charm of good acting and the sway of a remarkable individuality will rush to the Lyceum when Miss Ellen Terry takes her benefit, and gives her incomparable performance of "Dear Lady Disdain." Not to have seen Miss Terry's Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," is a fault without excuse. Often and often we have regretted that we have not seen her Rosalind, simply because she has not played it; but I shall recall her Beatrice as one of the most enchanting Shakespearean performances in my memory. Mrs. Jamieson and Lady Martin—and who shall say how many more?—have told us what Beatrice ought to be; but here she is! She is Ellen Terry. What grace! what humour! what wilfulness! what veiled satire! what love concealed under the mocking laugh! and, withal, what refinement and gentleness! I shall never forget that spring up the steps after a mocking retort to Benedick. It is not a spring, it is a fly. Miss Terry

becomes in our imagination a beautiful bird. She is the lapwing that the poet hints at. The season could not end more auspiciously than with Miss Terry's Beatrice and the Benedick of Henry Irving. After that Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey! What a delightful promise, with a season of Ada Rehan and the Daly Company thrown in!

A highly successful series of Richter Concerts was brought to a termination on Monday, July 20, when the attendance, as on more than one occasion this summer, proved larger than St. James's Hall could accommodate. The *pièce de résistance* of the night was Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," the instrumental movements of which were given in superb fashion, under Dr. Richter's masterly guidance; in the finale, however, the choir seemed more overweighted than usual; while the soloists, Miss Alice Esty, Miss Damian, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Watkin Mills, were not wholly beyond reproach. Another item of first-rate importance was Professor Villiers Stanford's new choral setting of Thomas Campbell's poem "The Battle of the Baltic," composed in January of the present year, and now heard for the first time. The theme was chosen at the suggestion of Sir George Grove, to whom the composer has dedicated his work; but it is perhaps not quite so well adapted for treatment on the lines of "The Revenge" and "The Voyage of Maeldune" as were those poems. Anyhow, the story of the engagement between the English and Danish fleets off Copenhagen in 1801 has failed to inspire Professor Stanford in a similar measure. The devices employed for the illustration of the fight are realistic enough, but somewhat monotonous, and we prefer the spirited opening, with its appropriate suggestion of the melody of "Hearts of Oak," and the suave concluding passage, "Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave."

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The gold industry of the colony of British Guiana has had another sensation in the arrival this week from the Upper Essequibo River of a nugget, weighing 42·12 lb. troy, found by Mr. Luckie while prospecting on account of himself and his partners, Mr. Sproston and Mr. White.

The nugget is a conglomerate of gold and quartz; and, from its appearance, must have been waterwashed for a long series of years, every portion of its surface being smooth and solid. It has been tested roughly by its specific gravity, and found to contain about 24 lb. of gold, and to be worth, say, \$5000.

On Thursday next it will be shipped to Mr. Sproston, 12, Lime Street, London, who, perhaps, will have a photograph taken of it and sent to the *Illustrated London News* as a sample of Demerara products. The placer upon which the nugget was found is reported to be rich in pay-gravel.

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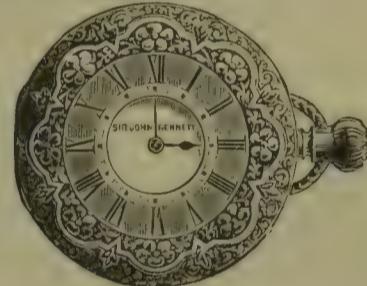
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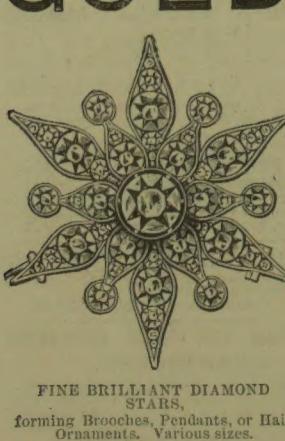
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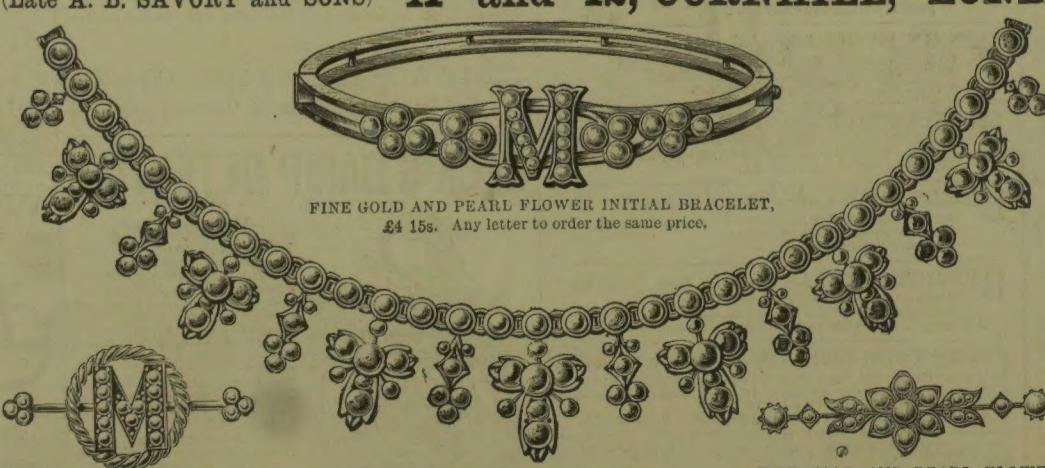
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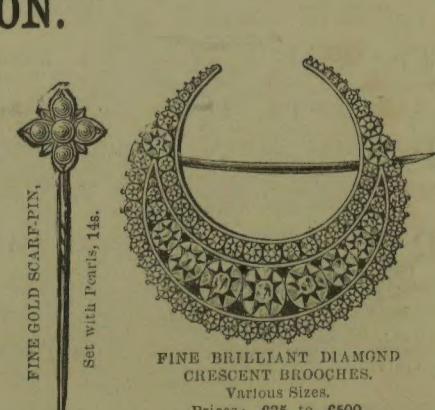
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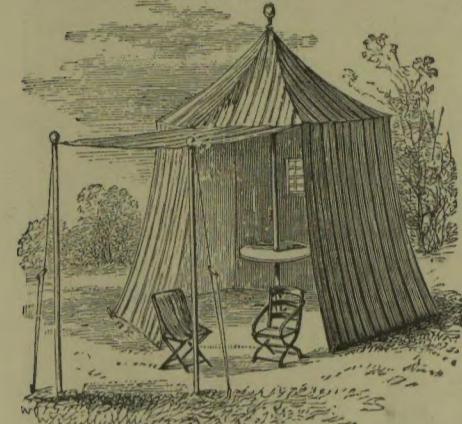
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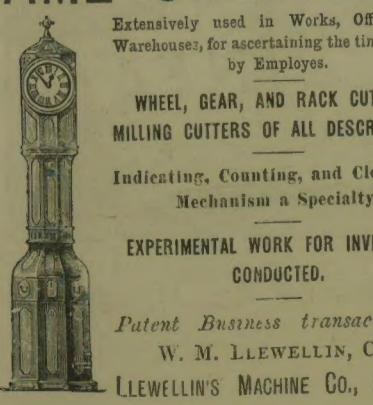
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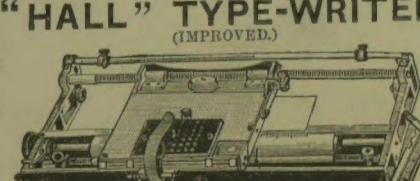
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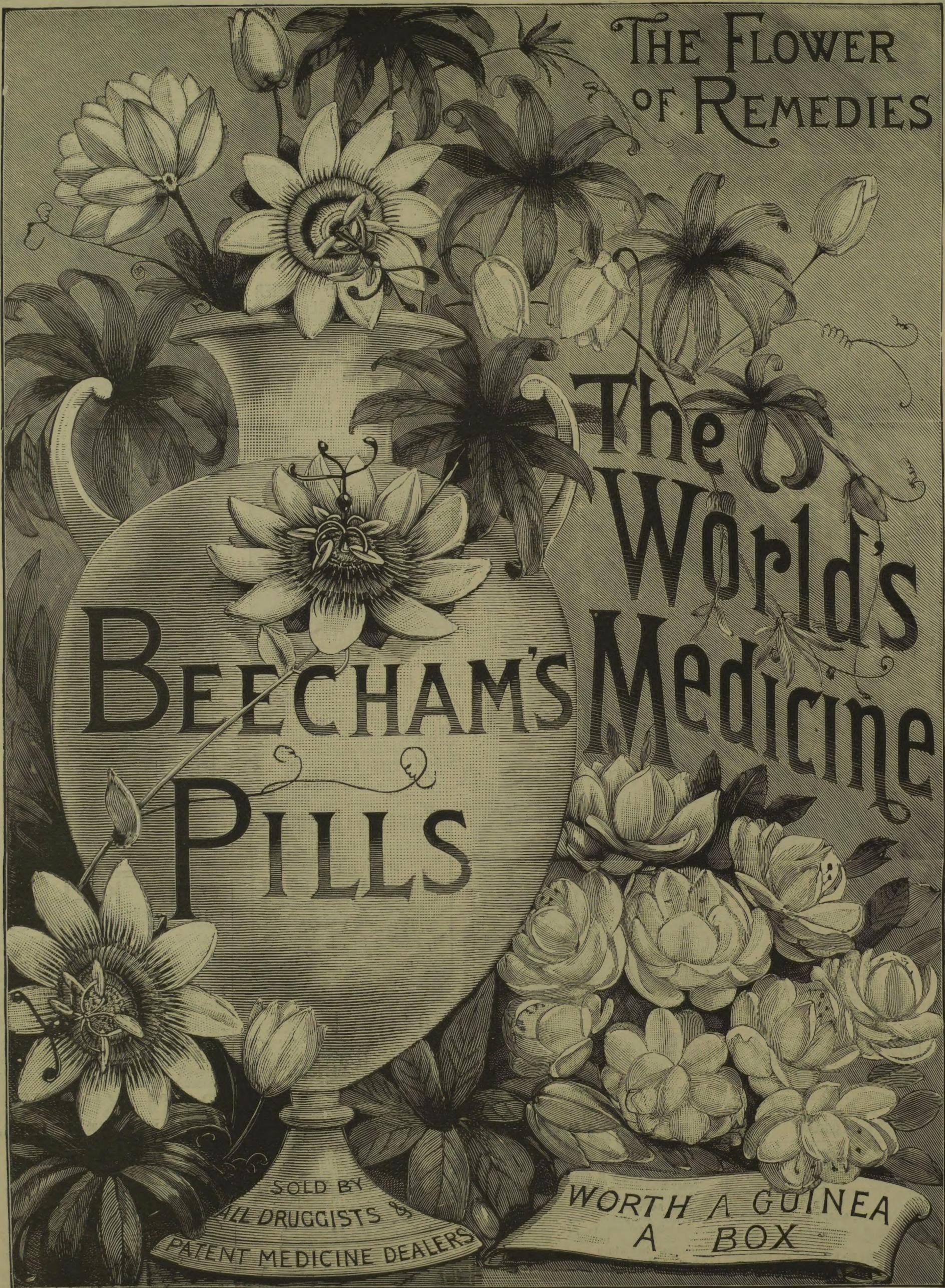
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